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BUDDHIST MONKS AT THE ENTRANCE TO KU-SHAN MONASTERY.



Overhead, a blue September sky, just flecked by white clouds which the balmy breeze is driving over the Kentish Weald; in the air, a keenness of morning and of night, sufficient to brace up muscles and nerves and foretell the approaching colour transformation of the hedges and the woodlands. Bending over baskets and stripping with dainty fingers the graceful vine of its golden fruit are maidens, simply yet tastefully clad. At noon a pleasant meal, at which attend rustics in their cleanest smock-frocks. A fire in the open at night and a talk, may be a song, while its flickering flames light up the tangled alleys of the hop-gardens. Such is the picture as given us scores of times by those who should know better. The reality, as seen this week, is—the fairest part of Kent beneath a leaden sky, from which falls with keen and deadly persistency the pent-up rain of months past; picking the hops are dragged dreary creatures, the shape and form and even sex of the happier ones being lost in old sacks exhumed from mediæval ragshops, while the others in some cases trying to make shift with woe-begone umbrellas of which the sticks are alone waterproofs, but in the majority of instances shivering and crouching in the most miserably insufficient clothing. East-End finery never can claim much admiration, but when the East-End hat is shapeless and pulpy, and the East-End feathers are dragged, and the East-End gaities and scarves are colourless, then, indeed, is it a scene of desolation.

That a great army pours down from London every year on to the Kentish Hop Gardens is known: how they continue to come is not. A policeman with a smile of ineffable wisdom opines that “it is best not to ask too many questions.” A knowing man that constable, and withal good-hearted. But whether railway fares are paid by the fruits of honesty or not, they are paid, and father, mother, sons, and daughters arrive on the same scene year by year, and pitch their quarters on the same spot in the lane or on the hillside with an acquired knowledge of the locality which may be seen in tourists of a higher rank who make for the best seats at the table d’hôte at Rome, and know where to get the best cigars in Constantinople. Despite rain and damp, crowded sleeping places, and wretched cooking accommodation, there must be something very fascinating about “going a-hopping”; it may be the change of quarters, the fresh air, and the fragrance of the hops, or it may be the freedom from civilisation, indicated by the absence of landlords and the Metropolitan police; but there is a something which causes these city Arabs to undertake a pilgrimage Kentwards each September with all the zest which sends the keen shot over the stubble and the turnip in the same month.

Much good has been done of late years among the hop-pickers by charitable and well-intentioned folks; but there is yet a class for whom little has been done, for whom we would plead. They cannot plead for themselves. They have no voice in the family arrangements. They are not consulted as to the annual exodus. We mean the children. It has been pitiful these last few days to see these little ones, soaked to the skin, exposed to wind and rain, thrown down on damp sacks, protected, if at all, by wet branches. Not the country air itself, even after the squalid lanes of unknown London, can make up to these mites for the seeds of consumption, rheumatism, and fever which their terrible life must implant within them. Here is a chance for ladies! Establish crèches where the hops grow thickest (a wayside cottage or a tent would do), and see that while the elder branches of the family are earning money the little ones, drones through no fault of their own, are kept at least warm and dry.

Point de Venise has been resuscitated, though Madame Bourry-Palisser, in her celebrated book on lace, declared it to be extinct. It was from the lagoons of Venice that the great Colbert imported thirty lacemakers, and, installing them at Louvain, devoted fifty thousand crowns of public money in introducing their handiwork into his own country. In proportion as lacemaking grew and flourished in France and Flanders, it declined in Venice, from which all the best workwomen had been draughted away, till only a coarse edging, a mere imbrogio of threads, was made at Chioggia, and sold at a cheap rate to the very few tourists who cared to buy it.

It was reserved for the Chevalier Michelangelo Jesurun to revive Venetian lace; and, encouraged by Queen Margherita, the Princess Giovannelli, and other great ladies, as well as by that patriotic patrician Commendatore Paolo Fambri, he established in his own house a school of professional lacemakers, who, when perfect in their art, were sent forth among the islands and lagoons of Venice to teach all who would learn, the mysteries of bobbins, thread, pins, and patterns. They now have about four thousand disciples; and no less than thirty-four varieties of *point de Venise* are made. Many of these, like the lovely *point rose*, are worked entirely with the needle, and, but for their tint, cannot be distinguished from the finest specimens of antique lace. The greatest novelty is the *dentelle polychrome*, in which flowers and arabesques are produced in colours, giving the effect of the finest Gobelin series.

No sooner have the survivors of the latest Arctic expedition been rescued and brought home, than some relics of the preceding one have been found. Early in June a party of Esquimaux discovered on, or partially imbedded in, an ice-floe at Julianshaal, on the west coast of Greenland, part of a tent and some stores marked “Jeannette,” together with a cheque-book, a pair of trousers, and a bearskin covering the remains of some animal unknown. It is calculated that the floe must have been carried at least 3000 miles by the currents from the spot where the Jeannette was abandoned.

Holiday-tasks, on the authority of a schoolboy still living and suffering, are “a stupid invention, of no use to anybody.” He is quite convinced in his own mind that, though they may have been intended in the first instance to be a remedy for that mischief which Satan is supposed to find for idle hands to do, it is a case in which the remedy is worse than the disease, the antidote worse than the bang. He thinks that the secret of the holiday-task is the wicked spite that lurks in the bosoms of head masters, who “can’t leave a fellow alone even in the holidays,” who wish to give him a practical illustration of the “semper amari aliquid,” and who, should he have a pony which causes him to postpone from day to day, until there is no time left, the commencement of his “task,” endeavour to teach him, by his own experience, that “post equitem sedet atra cura.” He declares that it is treating him like a ticket-of-leave man, who is constantly reminded that he is not quite free from the clutches of the authorities, but has to perform some irksome little duties during his time of liberty. As for “moving fellows up” when they “go back,” simply because “they have done their holiday-task and other fellows haven’t,” the schoolboy opines that is a “horrid shame, because some fellows have no time to themselves in the holidays; and besides, some fellows’ friends don’t believe in holiday-tasks and some do, so that fellows whose friends do are made to work, and have an unfair advantage over fellows whose friends don’t.” “Besides,” observes the schoolboy, “when fellows get leave in the Army or Navy or any other profession or business, clerks, and so on, they don’t have a holiday-task. I call it a horrid shame; it looks as if the beggars grudged you your holidays. Besides, the fellow that does his holiday-task and gets his move when he goes back is nearly cock-sure to be beaten in ‘the half’ by the fellow that didn’t sweat at all in the holidays, but sweats all the more in term-time.” So far the schoolboy; and there seems to be “something in it.”

Apropos of schools and schoolboys, we still see in the newspapers advertisements of “establishments” in which “everything” is taught by English and foreign masters and governesses, “diet” is “unlimited,” “separate bedrooms” are given, “recreation-grounds” are extensive, daily sea-bathing (in the summer) is provided, a covered gymnasium is kept handy, perhaps no holidays (to speak of) are granted, and the “inclusive terms” are twenty or twenty-one guineas per annum. Once more the question arises: Is it possible? Or, are the “establishments” kept by philanthropists? Or, again, is “Dotheboys Hall” as common an institution as it was in the days before Charles Dickens, senior? And, if the pupils are really properly housed and fully fed and carefully tended, how about the “many English and foreign masters and governesses”? How do these instructors and instructresses fare, and what are their salaries? Why, the “vegetarians” who give you a dinner for sixpence at the “Healtheries” would be puzzled to feed and lodge—let alone educate—a lot of hungry boys at the rate of twenty guineas per annum. The secret is one which requires more explanation than has ever yet been vouchsafed.

Expectation is a-tiptoe just now in respect of the forthcoming St. Leger at Doncaster, which bids fair to be a more than usually sensational race. None of the best colts of the year, unless Scot Free and Harvester be more than “second best,” were engaged in it, or, if they were engaged, they were soon disqualified; but all the best fillies were in it from the first, and, as September is known as “the mares’ month,” they have reason who think that a filly will win it. It was at one time thought to be a gift for Busybody, winner of the Oaks, and, even when her chance was supposed to be represented by the odds of a hundred to one against her, there were enthusiasts who, remembering the case of Dutch Oven, were not shaken in their allegiance until she was “scratched.” In any case, Superba, Queen Adelaide, and Sandiway, are three beauties that might puzzle a Paris who had to award the golden apple, three fillies whose equals are scarcely to be found among the colts, though, of course, some one of the latter may be better than any one of the former. However that may be, one should always be prepared for a surprise in the St. Leger, as when Theodore won with “a hundred guineas to your walking-stick” against him, Faugh-a-Ballagh and Caller Ou at about the same odds, and Dutch Oven at the odds of an extreme “outsider.”

If no son should be born to the King and Queen of Holland, it is possible that a claimant to the throne may come forward from Calabria, where a cadet of the Chalons-d’Orange, being exiled from his native land, established himself in 1667. This prince, who had not fled penniless, purchased a large estate near the village of Piane-Crati (Cosenza), and transmitted it peacefully to his posterity. The head of the family at the time of the French conquest of Naples was Mario Chalons-d’Orange, who followed King Ferdinand IV. to Sicily, and consequently had all his property confiscated. Complete poverty soon became his portion and that of his children, but they were excessively proud, and did not even endeavour to claim the estate till 1872, when they lost their cause, and, after appealing, lost it a second time in 1874.

This was the natural effect of political changes, but in 1857, after due examination of their pedigree, the two brothers d’Orange then living and their families had been recognised as Princes of Nassau and Geneva, and nobles of the town of Cosenza, a process probably analogous to the claiming of arms in a herald’s court. Several attempts had previously been made to obtain recognition from the Kings of Holland, but all in vain, though in 1827 the monarch then reigning was kindly disposed, and only asked for proofs of their identity. When the Prince of Orange visited Naples thirty-two years ago these were all gathered together, and duplicate copies deposited with the Dutch Consul there, and also in the King’s private archives at the Hague. This formal proceeding, however, was absolutely without result.

Monseigneur Allou, Bishop of Meaux, the *doyen* of French episcopacy, died early on Saturday morning last, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. For the last twenty years he had been quite blind, though he perhaps felt that infirmity as little as was possible to any man. His reverence for Bossuet, his great predecessor, was unbounded, and he exhumed the coffin and had a glass inserted over the face, and finally had it deposited in a new tomb. During the Franco-German war Monseigneur Allou was obliged to receive General Von Moltke as his guest, and the respect of the soldier for the prelate was something ideal. There was at Meaux, during that *année terrible* an engineer who, when the bridges were blown up and the roads rendered impassable by mines and explosives, refused to repair them, considering that to be the best mode of keeping the invaders at bay. Of course he would have paid for his obstinacy with his life had not the Bishop personally waited on the Emperor William and interceded for him so successfully that he received a free pardon.

The *Fremdenblatt* of Vienna reports that an Austrian who reigns, it appears, in some part of South Africa is willing to yield his kingdom to his mother-country on receipt of a rental for life. “This,” adds another newspaper, “would be an opportunity of founding an Austrian colony in Africa.” The Austrian referred to is the son of M. Ladislav Magyar, the well-known African explorer. He is the proprietor of the kingdom of Bihé, situated to the East of the Portuguese port Loanda. His father married the only daughter of the negro Prince reigning at Bihé, and on the death of his father-in-law succeeded to the throne. Bihé has an extent of 1300 square leagues, and a population of 50,000 inhabitants. It communicates with the sea by a navigable river.

Tzou-Ann, the Empress of China, is by no means a cipher in the Government of the Celestial realm, for she is universally recognised as a clever and determined woman. She is now fifty-seven years of age, and has been a widow since 1861, when her husband, the Emperor Hien-Fong, died in Mantchouria, whither he had retired after the taking of Peking by the Anglo-French Army. It has been reported that she is of Tartar origin, but in reality she is of pure Chinese family, and her father was a member of the Han-Lin, or Academy of Science. Circumstances have no doubt embittered the soul of Tzou-Ann, for she detests every European thing and person, and sets her face doggedly against the tide of Western civilisation. Some of the stories told about her do not say much for her intelligence, though they show her prejudices to be abnormally rampant.

The death of the late Duke of Wellington having revived so many well-known and well-worn anecdotes, it may not be out of place to call attention to what that celebrated philosopher De Quincey thought of anecdote generally. In his essay on War, he says: “All anecdotes, I fear, are false. . . . Rarer than the phoenix is that virtuous man (a monster he is—nay, he is an impossible man) who will consent to lose a prosperous anecdote on the consideration that it happens to be a lie.” People who are full of rich humorous stories to be hung on at the shortest notice to the greatest man most recently deceased, might also with advantage read the foot-note to the same essay. It is too long for quotation, but suggests that a good *mot* then circulating in Paris as the property of Talleyrand, was ascribed by the past generation to the Prince de Ligne, and fifty years previously to the same Prince when a younger man. Twenty years before, it belonged to Voltaire; and so on, retrogressively, to many other wits, until at length the very same repartee was found doing duty amongst Pagans in pretty good Greek. How many of to-day’s “good things” are familiar in different forms to students of the classical epigrammatists?

The year’s work of a great artist must not be estimated from the amount that appears on the walls of the annual picture exhibitions. Mr. J. E. Millais, R.A., in addition to those works he showed at the Royal Academy and Grosvenor Gallery in the spring, also executed an order for four fancy pictures of children, of the same class as the now famous “Cinderella” and “Cherry Ripe.” Of these, which adorn the dining-room of a connoisseur well known both in London and on the moors, an idyllic “Little Miss Muffit” is considered the finest. To this the great artist has lately finished a companion. It represents a lovely dark-haired baby, aged about four or five, seated on a bed of strawberries, with her lap full of the same luscious and decorative fruit. Her attention is distracted in the act of eating by a flight of butterflies, on which she is feasting her eyes. The double meal is symbolical of “Perfect Bliss,” the title of the picture, which may be seen in public next May. Meanwhile it will be engraved by Messrs. Atkinson and Cousins, R.A.

Life on board a light-ship must be as lonely as can well be imagined. An ordinary-sized light-ship carries about five to seven men, who remain in her for two months at a time without holding any communication whatever with the shore or other ships. Being stationary, and having no work to do in the daylight, the monotony of existence must be almost unbearable to the crew. At the expiration of every two months a Trinity House steamer relieves the men, who have one month’s holiday and then return, and so on, until some post on a lighthouse or coast-guard station becomes vacant, leaving promotion possible. If the weather be too bad, the Trinity steamer may be delayed several days, but this time is deducted from the vacation, not from the working time, the dates of which, therefore, never vary.

The origin of the word “Nihilist” has long been disputed, and it has been attributed to Tourguenieff and Victor Hugo respectively. Someone has now discovered that it was used by St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, in the fourth century, exactly in its modern sense. *Nihilisti appellantur*, quoth the Bishop, *quia nihil credunt et nihil docent*. Verily, there is nothing new under the sun.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

"Dissolve, dissolve, dissolve!" That word once said and twice repeated should be, according to the Earl of Lytton, in a speech recently delivered at a Conservative picnic, the Shibboleth under existing circumstances of the Conservative party. From the rhetorical point of view, "Dissolve, dissolve, dissolve!" is deficient in emphasis. Each word would be better for an additional syllable. Compare "Agitate, agitate, agitate!" and "Register, register, register!" In the next place, Lord Lytton is wrong in his premisses. The great-great-great-grandfather of the telling piece of tautology in question was the ancient Athenian who held that the secret of oratory lay in "Action, action, action!" Then came the French Tribune of the People with his fiery formula, "De l'Audace, de l'Audace, et toujours de l'Audace!" To him succeeded Daniel O'Connell with his "Agitate, agitate, agitate!" and to the illustrious agitator Sir Robert Peel the Second was not slow in applying a counter-blast which has become famous. Speaking at an electoral dinner at Tamworth, in 1837, Sir Robert remarked:

It may be disagreeable, and indeed inconvenient, to attend to the registration of voters which annually takes place throughout the country. All this may be revolting; but you may depend upon it that it is better you should take that trouble than that you should allow the Constitution to become the victim of false friends, or that you should be trampled under the hoof of a ruthless democracy. The advice which has been given by some persons was "Agitate, agitate, agitate!" The advice which I give you is this—"Register, register, register!"

The "hoof of a ruthless democracy" is good. I have always thought that the Poet Bunn had Sir Robert's metaphor in his mind's eye when, in the libretto of Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," he penned the immortal lines—

When the fair land of Poland was plough'd by the hoof
Of the ruthless invader and might.

In any case, the counsel of the Greek orator, of the French revolutionary, of the Irish repealer, and of the English statesman, applied to a condition of things not transitory but permanent. The Athenian prescribed continuous "action" to orators; the Frenchman bade his followers be incessantly audacious; the Repealer bade repealers not to cease from agitating; while Sir Robert Peel's shrewd advice at Tamworth sank so deep into the minds of his hearers that from that day to this the registration of voters has always had the most sedulous and indefatigable attention on the part of the Conservatives, whereas the Liberals have been beaten "into their boots" at scores of by-elections, not because they were numerically weak, but because their registration had been grossly neglected.

But Lord Lytton's "Dissolve, dissolve, dissolve!" cannot, in the nature of things, be a permanent cry. Parliament cannot be continually dissolving. Finally, the catchwords suffer from a vice of form as well as of conception. The Greek spoke to orators, the anarchist to anarchists, the repealer to repealers, the Conservative statesman to Conservative voters. But whom is Lord Lytton addressing? By the theory of the Constitution the only person who can dissolve Parliament is the Queen. It is impossible that Lord Lytton can be peremptorily calling on her Majesty to dissolve Parliament, seeing that we have been repeatedly told that the Peers have no wish to force a dissolution. The House of Commons cannot dissolve itself, and the Prime Minister, who practically can do so, won't; so that, on the whole, Lord Lytton seems to have been conjuring nobody in particular to "Dissolve, dissolve, dissolve!"

As a rule, I read four novels a year—two English and two French ones. That, I should say, is a sufficient pabulum of fiction to be perused by an elderly person of unimaginative temperament, and who holds that "Tom Jones" is the best English novel that ever was written, and "Le Père Goriot" the best French one. I have not gone through my course of French fiction for 1884 yet. I await mid-November, and what facilities for a trip to the South a hoped-for abrogation of the detestable quarantine regulations at present in force may bring me. But I am reading my first English novel for the autumn, "Ishmael," by the author of "Lady Audley's Secret" (3 vols., J. and R. Maxwell). I may not say anything touching the plot or the characters of Miss Braddon's latest fiction, since, in doing so, I should be impinging on the province of the reviewers, an irritable race, prone to hurling leaden ink-stands and paper-weights (figuratively speaking, of course) at the heads of impertinent paragraphists: to say nothing of stabbing them with critical paper-knives, slashing them with critical scissors, and burking them with critical paste.

Thus much I may say concerning "Ishmael," that on its composition Miss Braddon seems to have bestowed a prodigious amount of loving care, and that in artistic development of character and minutely graphic word-painting of scenery and incidents she recalls the very best work in those directions of Honoré de Balzac and of Charles Reade. Unless I am sadly mistaken, "Ishmael" will add a very bright leaf indeed to the luxuriant chaplet of laurels which crowns the brow of the author of "Lady Audley's Secret."

I sincerely wish, although of course Miss Braddon's novels have made her as wealthy as the Lady of Banbury Cross (she must have been wealthy to have had bells at her toes as well as rings on her fingers), that Mrs. or Miss Ellen Blake had left our leading lady novelist the trifle of a hundred and forty-six thousand pounds which, within the last year, has, through the intestacy of the owner, become a "Crown windfall"—that is to say, has been swept into the coffers of the State. As sincerely do I wish that Mrs. or Miss Blake had left me this prodigious mass of money. You can have but a faint idea of the useful and decorative purposes to which I could turn a hundred and forty-six thousand pounds—or, for the matter of that, as many pence. If Mrs. or Miss Ellen Blake had only left her vast wealth to the Royal Hospital for Children and Women, in the Waterloo-road, or to the Cab-Drivers' Benevolent Association, or to the British Orphans or the British Blind, or the British Deaf and Dumb! Provoking Ellen Blake!

A "Crown Windfall" does no perceptible good to man, woman, or child. It is but a drop of water, so to speak, in the ocean of the revenue. It will be strictly and methodically accounted for by official people; but, so far as any appreciable benefit that it will confer on anybody, the huge pile of cash might be so many dry leaves. Should there not be an Act of Parliament to constrain the State when windfalls drop in to devote a portion, if not the whole, of the proceeds to the benefit of some public charity, the erection of some public building, or the purchase of some notable work of art? When it was really the Sovereign who received the windfall, there was a chance of some generous use being made of it. But no such chance exists when the State, and not the Crown, is the recipient of the equivocal inheritance. "My Lords" are not bound to be compassionate. The Solicitor to the Treasury is not expected to have any bowels, save those that are made of red tape.

The publisher (Mr. John Murray) of Hermann Melville's "Typee" and "Omoo" has been so courteous as to send me copies of those enchanting narratives of Polynesian adventure and "four months' residence among the natives of a valley of the Marquesas Islands." To "Typee" and "Omoo" the polite publisher has adjoined Sir Francis Head's "Stokers and Pokers"; and all three works, I am assured, have never been out of print, are still selling, and cannot therefore be considered "scarce." I am right glad to see it. If I remember aright, I read "Typee" and "Omoo" for the first time, in Murray's "Colonial and Home Library," about 1849. The "new edition" which has just reached me bears the date of 1861, as does also "Stokers and Pokers." If, for some years past, I have not come across any one of these delightful books, it may be for the reason that I am growing a little blinder and a little duller every month—if not every week.

To what philosopher is Humanity indebted for having first formulated the intensely human (that is to say selfish) sentiment embodied in the exclamation:—"Vivent nous, autres: à bas les autres!"? Many years ago, I remember noting in a newspaper an extract from a letter purporting to have been written by a lady at Algiers, and describing a terrible shipwreck which had occurred off the port in question. "She went down with all hands," wrote the lady. "There were two hundred souls on board. Thank Heaven there were no English among them!"

For a long time I used to think that this letter must be apocryphal. But I begin to believe in its genuineness now, when I find the naïve candour of its cynicism equalled in a paragraph written from the Engadine by a correspondent of the *World*. Says this lover of his species: "I am glad to hear that no English were concerned in the serious tramway accident which took place on Friday between the latter place (Tarasp) and Schuls." Is not this delicious? *Vivent nous autres!* No English were concerned in the serious tramway accident. *À bas les autres!* It does not in the least matter how many Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, or people belonging to other nationalities were more or less smashed.

By-the-way, in "Atlas's" paragraph in the self-same number of the *World* in which allusion is made to Mitchell's "Sail Journal," "Sail" is evidently a misprint for "Jail." Such accidents will happen. Last week the printers made me speak of "Anticyza" instead of "Anticyra." At the same time it is as well that the Convict Prison Diary of John Mitchell should have its proper designation; for the "Jail Journal" happens to be a book of wonderful descriptive power. It is not equal to Silvio Pellico's "Le mie Prigioni," but it is worthy of a niche on a special shelf between Baron Trenck and Mirabeau's Letters from the donjon of Vincennes. How passionately eloquent was the victim of twenty-two *lettres de cachet* and future Tribune of the People on the detestable quality of the prison haricot beans and the prison beef!

The most interesting portions of Mitchell's "Jail Journal" are the description of his passage as a convict sentenced to fourteen years' transportation in a British gun-boat to the prison at Spike Island, and his subsequent deportation to Bermuda. If I remember aright, he was very humanely treated on board the gun-boat, of which the commander lent the captive "Pickwick" to read. Of that officer's having done so, complaint was afterwards made in the House of Commons. Mitchell's experiences of the "Still vexed Bermoothes" are almost fascinating in their graphic force. Let it be noted, however, that although Mr. Mitchell was heavily chained when he was conveyed in the prison-van from the Courthouse to the place of his embarkation, he was not, during the whole term of his captivity, subjected to one tithe of the horrible ignominy and humiliation which have been the lot of later Irish political prisoners. On the whole, the authorities seem to have done their best to soften the misery of his lot, and to bear in mind that, although he might be a rebel, he was a gentleman.

"Why," writes "R. R. R." (Holloway), "do you write the word 'jobation,' and thereby upset all my preconceived notions that 'jawbation' is a mock solemnity for the vulgar 'jaw'?" My good Sir, I wrote, "jobation" because the word means a long dreary homily or reprimand, and has reference to the tedious rebukes inflicted on the Patriarch Job by his too obliging friends.

"Diamantina Jack" is so good as to send me four closely written sides of foolscap, beginning "You speak of the Australian Eleven now in England as 'Cornstalks,' or rather as being known as such." I am absolved from reading the remainder of "Diamantina Jack's" communication, as it so happens that I have never made any kind of allusion, direct or indirect, to the Australian Eleven, anywhere, and I have not the slightest knowledge of ever having called those distinguished athletes cornstalks or corn-cobs, pea-shucks or hop-bines, pine-cones or oak-apples or cucumber-frames.

Most assuredly there is nothing new under the sun. I thought that "as the pig loves the mud" was an expression which might be considered a novelty, at least in poetic imagery of an amatory nature. But no sooner had I quoted the "cosen" who loved the "bou" in the Louisianian creole patois love-ditty, than a parallel expression from a Portuguese peasant's love-song was sent me by a Lusitanian correspondent. This week, a lady, "W. F." (Rhyl), obligingly forwards me an extract from a letter of the Hon. Andrew Erskine to James Boswell, Esquire, published in the "British Letter Writer, from the XVth Century to the Present Time." The Hon. A.'s letter is dated Nov. 23, 1761. Says the writer:—

By heavens, Boswell, I love you more;—but this, I think, may be more conveniently expressed in rhyme.

More than a herd of swine a kennel muddy;
More than a brilliant belle polemic study;
More than fat Falstaff lov'd a cup of sack;
More than a guilty criminal the rack;
More than attorneys love by cheats to thrive;
And more than witches to be burnt alive.

It may be presumed that James Boswell, Esquire (who was a member of the Bar), refrained from showing to his friends among the Writers to the Signet that part of the Honourable Andrew's poetic effusion which contained the wicked calumny on the integrity of attorneys. But the allusion to the swine and the muddy kennel may have tickled "Jemmy" Boswell, who, after partaking too frequently of t'other bottle, was apt to seek repose in the all-equalising gutter. It was once, when going circuit, and on the morrow of an al fresco slumber, that some waggish members of the Bar mess incited Jemmy to move for the writ "Quare adhesit pavimento?"

By-the-way, a very judicious and esteemed friend of mine has more than once asked me to "begin a crusade against the indiscriminate use of the term 'Esquire.'" Such a use, he contends, as is commonly made of the title in question is absurd, without meaning, and mischievous. I am too old, too stupid, and too uninfluential to begin a crusade against anything; still, it is worth while to look into the "esquire" matter a little. The American lexicographer Webster, defining the word, says that formerly an esquire was the armour-bearer, shield-bearer, or attendant on a knight; and that in modern times the esquire became next in dignity to the knight. Continues Webster—

In England this title is given to the younger sons of noblemen, to officers of the King's court and of the household, to counsellors-at-law, justices of the peace while in commission, sheriffs, and other gentlemen. In the United States the title is given to public officers of all degrees, and has become a general title of respect in addressing letters.

As a matter of fact, Webster is misleading. The title of esquire may belong to the younger sons of noblemen, but it is neither given to nor taken by them. For example, the younger son of the Earl of Whitechokerly is commonly known as and addressed as "The Honourable Fabian Fitzdottrel," and not as "Fabian Fitzdottrel, Esq." We speak of and write to "Mr. Sheriff Callipash," not "Sheriff Callipash, Esq." In writs and other official documents the case may be different.

Mem.: According to Blount (of "The Jocular Tenures") the King's serjeant-chirurgeon, the serjeant of the ewry, and the master cook, are esquires. Royal cooks are usually Frenchmen. How would "Monsieur Marmiton Casserole, Esq.," look? Nowadays everybody who so chooses dubs himself or is dubbed "esquire." Remonstrances against a really preposterous assumption are not by any means a new thing. Read the *Tatler*, No. XIX. :—

The appellation of esquire is the most notoriously abused of any class amongst men. I will undertake that, if you read the superscriptions to all the offices in the kingdom, you will not find three letters directed to any but esquires. I have myself a couple of clerks; and the rogues make nothing of leaving messages upon each other's desk: one directs to Degory Goosequill, Esquire; to which the other replies by a note to Nehemiah Dashiwell, Esquire, with respect. In a word, it is now *populus armigerorum*, a people of esquires.

At his residence, Bank-parade, Preston, Lancashire, in his ninety-first year, has just died Mr. Joseph Livesey, whose name for more than two generations has been a household word among those men of the North-West Country who, according to Hugh Miller, "bulk large in the forefront of humanity." The late Mr. Joseph Livesey was something more than a man of patriarchal age, beloved and revered by all who knew him. He was a British Worthy of the type that old Fuller loved to draw—a type of the representatives of which in modern times no meaner writer than Dr. Samuel Smiles should be the historiographer. Mr. Joseph Livesey may be said to have been the founder of the Total Abstinence movement in England; having, on the First of September, 1832, draughted, for the signature of himself and six other earnest men who thought as he did, the first tee-total pledge. Nor during the ensuing fifty years did he ever falter in fighting the good fight of temperance. Of course he was an enthusiast, and hated Sir John Barleycorn as fiercely as Milton hated episcopacy and Butlerianism. Without enthusiasm, this world would be a terribly humdrum one.

The venerable Preston Worthy fought as bravely in favour of Free Trade as he did against Strong Drink. His tongue, his pen, his purse, were always at the service of those who held the once unfashionable doctrine that the tolling masses have a right to recruit their strength with abundant and untaxed food. Wherever there was injustice to be combated, corruption to be denounced, wrongs to be remedied, there was Joseph Livesey—self-sacrificing, single-minded, persistent, and courageous. When, half a century ago, the New Poor Law came into operation, Mr. Livesey, all staunch Liberal, as he had ever been, was among the first to protest against the narrow-minded, heartless, and cruel administration of the new code—the denial of outdoor relief, the pitiless rigour of "the workhouse test," the barbarous separation of husbands and wives for the crime of being poor, the insufficient diet, and the often brutal treatment of paupers by relieving-officers and workhouse-masters. Mr. Livesey did not approve of Church-rates, and consistently declined to pay them. He did approve of popular education and charitable works of all kinds; and his long and happy life was one great achievement of usefulness and beneficence. G. A. S.

THE GREELY ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Some account has been given of the American Meteorological Expedition, commanded by Lieutenant, now Major, Greely, of the United States Army, in the farthest north channels beyond Smith Sound, that part of the Arctic Regions where the British Polar Expedition, in May, 1876, penetrated to within four hundred geographical miles of the North Pole. The American Expedition, in 1883, succeeded in getting four miles beyond, this being effected by a sledge party travelling over the snow from Fort Conger, the name they had given to their huts erected on the western shore near Discovery Cove, in Lady Franklin Sound. The farthest point reached, on May 18, was in latitude 83 deg. 24 min. N.; longitude 40 deg. 46 min. W., on the Greenland coast. The sledge party was commanded by Lieutenant Lockwood, and the following particulars are supplied by Sergeant Brainerd, who accompanied Lieutenant Lockwood on the expedition. During their sojourn in the Arctic regions the men were allowed to grow the full beard, except under the mouth, where it was clipped short. They wore knitted mittens, and over these heavy seal-skin mittens were drawn, connected by a tanned seal-skin string that passed over the neck, to hold them when the hands were slipped out. Large tanned-leather pockets were fastened outside the jackets, and in very severe weather jerseys were sometimes worn over the jackets for greater protection against the intense cold. On the sledge journeys the dogs were harnessed in a fan-shaped group to the traces, and were never run tandem. In travelling, the men were accustomed to hold on to the back of the sledge, never going in front of the team, and often took off their heavy overcoats and threw them on the load. When taking observations with the sextant, Lieutenant Lockwood generally reclined on the snow, while Sergeant Brainerd called time and made notes, as shown in our Illustration. When further progress northward was barred by open water, and the party almost miraculously escaped drifting into the polar sea, Lieutenant Lockwood erected, at the highest point of latitude reached by civilised man, a pyramidal-shaped cache of stones, six feet square at the base, and eight or nine feet high. In a little chamber about a foot square half-way to the apex, and extending to the centre of the pile, he placed a self-recording spirit thermometer, a small tin cylinder containing records of the expedition, and then sealed up the aperture with a closely-fitting stone. The cache was surmounted with a small American flag made by Mrs. Greely, but there were only thirteen stars, the number of the old revolutionary flag. From the summit of Lockwood Island, the scene presented in our Illustration, 2000 feet above the sea, Lieutenant Lockwood was unable to make out any land to the north or the north-west. "The awful panorama of the Arctic which their elevation spread out before them made a profound impression upon the explorers. The exultation which was natural to the achievement which they found they had accomplished was tempered by the reflections inspired by the sublime desolation of that stern and silent coast and the menace of its unbroken solitude. Beyond to the eastward was the interminable defiance of the unexplored coast—black, cold, and repellent. Below them lay the Arctic Ocean, buried beneath frozen chaos. No words can describe the confusion of this sea of ice—the hopeless



THE LATE LORD AMPHILL, AMBASSADOR AT BERLIN.
SEE OBITUARY, PAGE 235.

asperity of it, the weariness of its torn and tortured surface. Only at the remote horizon did distance and the fallen snow mitigate its roughness and soften its outlines; and beyond it, in the yet unattainable recesses of the great circle, they looked toward the Pole itself. It was a wonderful sight, never to be forgotten, and in some degree a realisation of the picture that astronomers conjure to themselves when the moon is nearly full and they look down into the great plain which is called the Ocean of Storms, and watch the shadows of sterile and airless peaks follow a slow procession across its silver surface."

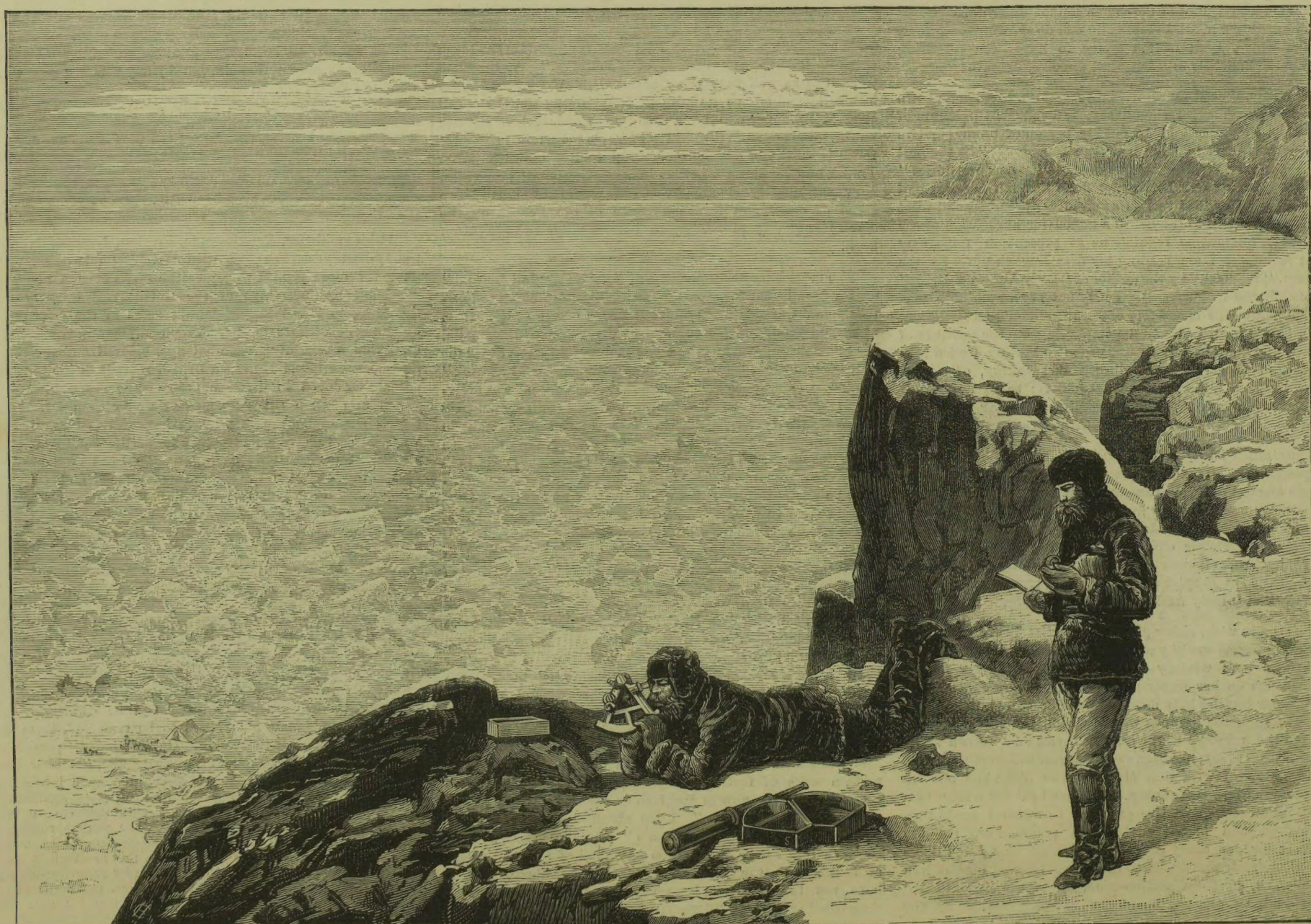
The London Hungarian Association had a bright little fête at their "Home" last Saturday night. M. Trefort, the Hungarian Minister of Public Instruction, who has been travelling for some time in England, was present, and almost all Hungarians residing in London, besides a few Englishmen sympathising with Hungary, assembled to give him a hearty reception.

THE NILE EXPEDITION.

General Lord Wolseley, who again takes immediate command of the British forces in Egypt, and who will personally command the expedition up the Nile, to Dongola and probably to Khartoum, for the relief of General Gordon and the military evacuation of the Soudan, left England at the end of last week. The collection and advance of British troops, with a contingent of Egyptian troops, between Wady Halfa and Samneh or Sarras, above the Second Cataract in Nubia, more than two hundred miles from Assouan and seven hundred from Cairo, proceeds with great activity; while Major Kitchener is near Debbeh, or Old Dongola, three or four hundred miles farther to the south, watching the movements of the hostile Arabs, and arranging with the Mudir of Dongola, and with friendly Arab tribes, for their services in aid of the British Expedition. It is understood that Lord Wolseley is not to seek hostilities with the partisans of the Mahdi, or with any of the tribes who have revolted against the late Egyptian rule of the Soudan, but will fight them if they attempt to dispute his passage, or to prevent General Gordon coming to meet him.

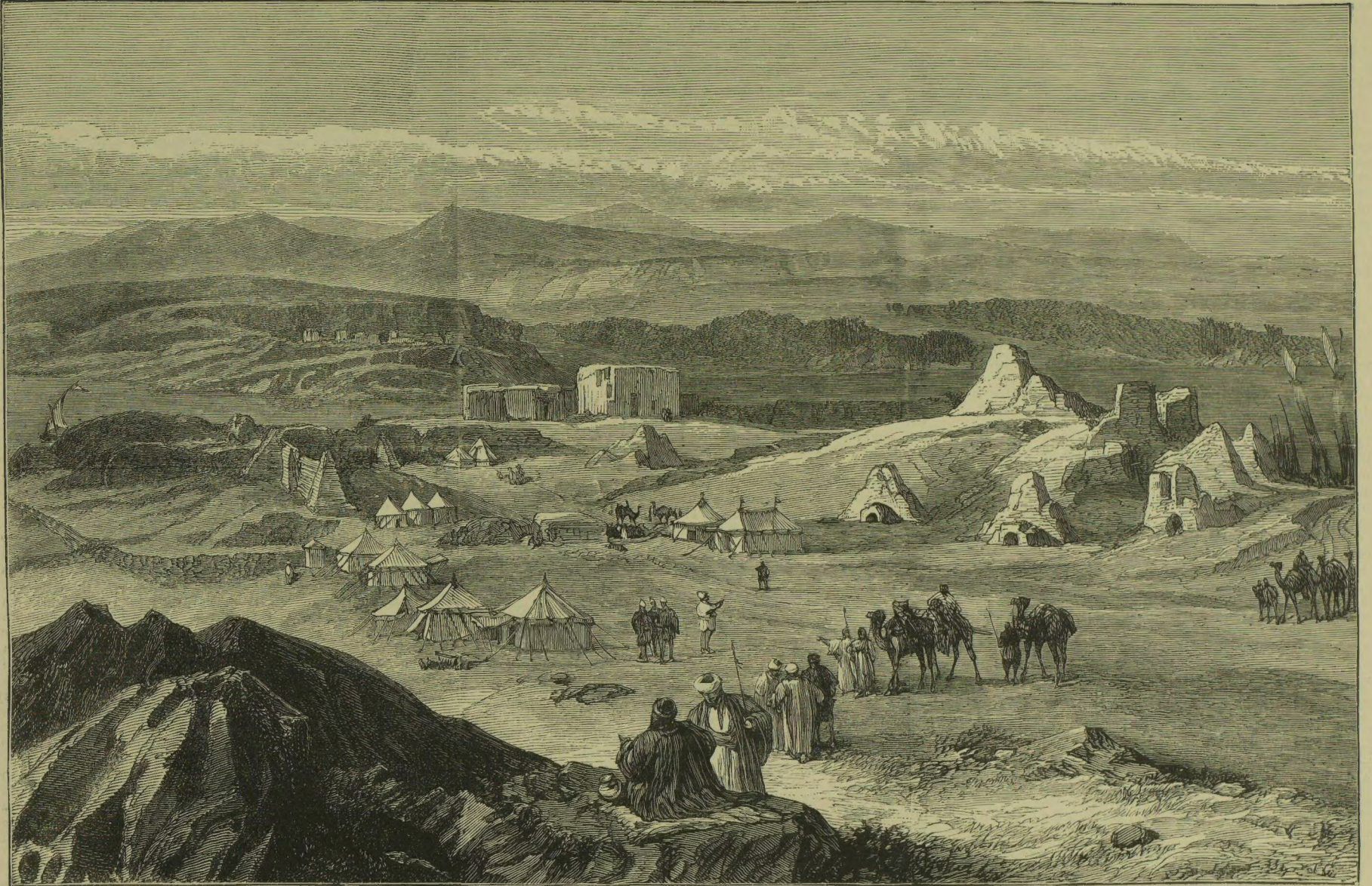
The Nile has risen four feet at Wady Halfa, and seven steamers have passed the First Cataract. Two more companies of the 1st Battalion of the Sussex Regiment arrived at Wady Halfa last week. The battalion is under orders to push on to Dongola immediately, with three months' rations for 1000 men. We refer to the map which we published last week, showing the whole course of the Nile from Assouan up to Khartoum, with the positions of Wady Halfa, Sarras and Samneh, New Dongola, Old Dongola, Debbeh, Ambikol, Abu Hameh, Berber, and Shendy, and the land route across the Bahiuda desert from Ambikol, avoiding the great north-eastern bend of the river. The six principal cataracts or rapids, which are marked and named in our map, will probably be evaded by landing the boats and conveying them a few miles over short lines of temporary railway, for the construction and working of which several hundred skilled hands are to be sent out from England. The boats will be rowed, poled, sailed, or towed by large numbers of men, according to the condition of the stream and other circumstances; and Lord Wolseley's experience of such operations, in the Canadian Red River Expedition of 1870, leads him to expect no great difficulty in this mode of proceeding. The chief anxiety is for the collection of sufficient stores of provisions, at those remote stations in the desert, to supply thousands of men, horses, and camels, when they arrive.

We have reason to believe that the following accurately represents the facts in regard to the Nile Expedition:—A force will be dispatched to the frontier of Egypt (Wady Halfa) with a view to being sent on to Dongola should the course of events render it necessary. Although the movement of Mounted Infantry and of some battalions of infantry up the Nile has already commenced, the strength and composition of the force will not be settled till Lord Wolseley has arrived in Egypt and consulted with Sir F. Stephenson. For the transport of the force 400 boats, 30 and 32 ft. in length, and 6 to 7 ft. beam, weighing from 950 to 1100 lb. each, will arrive in Alexandria between Sept. 21 and 30. A further supply of 400 similar boats will follow at an early date. Five hundred Canadian voyageurs will arrive at Alexandria at the beginning of October,

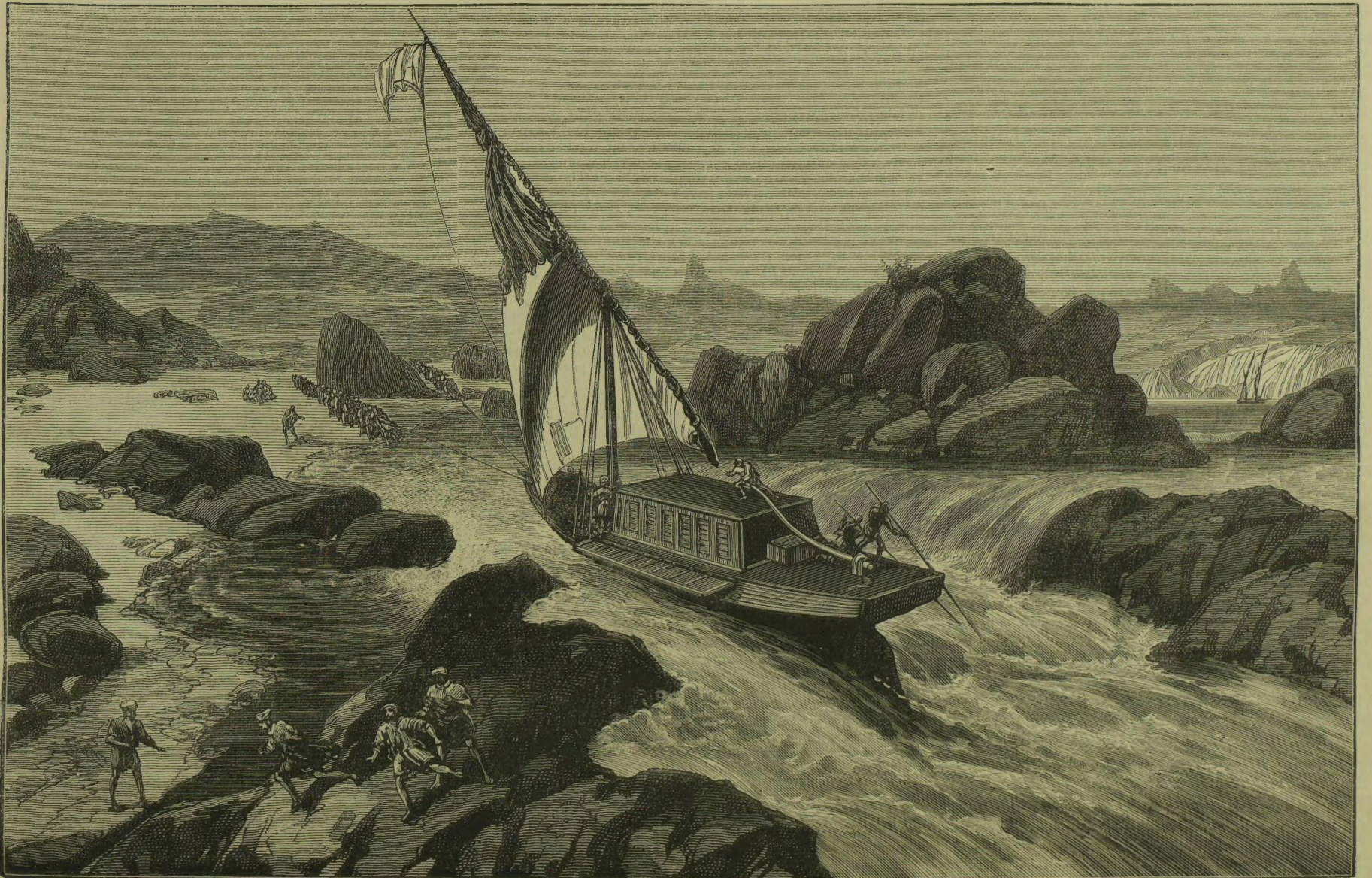


THE GREELY ARCTIC EXPEDITION: THE FARTHEST POINT NORTH.

THE BRITISH EXPEDITION UP THE NILE.



SAMNEH, THE PROPOSED STARTING-POINT.



CATARACT OF AMBIGOLE.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Sept. 2.

In another week Paris will be itself again, and the heroes of fashion, the eaters of first fruits and smokers of dear cigars, will have abandoned the elegant beaches of Normandy and Brittany for the more animated and more high-pressure life of the boulevard. Already the capital is beginning to show signs of the approach of the winter season. There is no longer any open-air music in the afternoons in the parks and gardens; the little tables in front of the cafés are occupied by their habitués superficially bronzed by the sea breezes or mountain sun; the Café Anglais no longer prepares a bill-of-fare for one solitary diner; the clubs, the restaurants, the Bois de Boulogne, all the great public resorts, are becoming once more animated; and already a dozen theatres have reopened their doors, encouraged by the grey sky and frequent showers with which we are now favoured.

Naturally, the great topic of the day is the war with China. I read in an American journal that the successes of Admiral Courbet are creating great excitement, and that the boulevards are crowded with groups commenting on the achievements of the French fleet. For my own part, I have not remarked any particular excitement on the boulevards. The gentlemen who between five and seven p.m. devote themselves to the distraction of "stifling green parrots"—that is to say, drinking absinthe—read the few telegrams we receive very calmly. You see, China is a very long way off, and the frivolous Parisians cannot be expected to take a deep interest in the operations going on there. Indeed, I am inclined to believe that comparatively few Frenchmen know where China is, for the other day I heard an eminent General say that in case of necessity the French forces might go to China overland!

Amongst other topics of conversation we have, of course, Sarah Bernhardt. The grand tragédienne has returned to Paris, and is to reappear shortly at the Porte Saint-Martin in "Macbeth." Meanwhile, she will rehearse a new drama by Sardou, which is to be called "Theodora," of which the heroine will be the courtesan queen of Justinian.—There is some talk amongst people of artistic tastes about the exhibition of the Union Centrale des Arts Décoratifs now open in the Palais de l'Industrie, where the Sèvres manufactory exhibits a new kind of porcelain admitting of enamel decoration, such as has been employed for centuries by the Chinese, and which has hitherto been a mystery to Western ceramists. The new Sèvres porcelain is excellent as regards the quality of the paste, but the forms of the objects and the style of decoration are far from artistic. The amateurs are examining with great interest the efforts of the Sèvres manufactory to produce what is known as *flambé* ware, efforts in which the national manufactory has been preceded and excelled by private manufacturers, and notably by M. O. Milet, who has produced *flambé* vases of a richness and depth of colour equal to that of the Chinese. The ceramic department in this exhibition is especially interesting.

One cannot write from Paris in the beginning of September without speaking of the opening of the shooting season. *L'ouverture de la chasse* at Paris is a pretext for spending a few days in the country, or accepting an invitation to some hospitable château. But above all it is a pretext for donning strange accoutrements, boots, gaiters, wonderful hats, and formidable game-bags, which are filled by the intermediary of city poulterers if they are filled at all. Of course in good preserves the real French sportsman makes as fine a bag as his English colleague, but as a rule the Parisian sportsman is a mere caricature, a walking-gentleman of the chase; and if, perchance, he does kill anything, nine times out of ten it is his dog that he kills.

As many curious reports have been current of late about the health of Paris, it may be useful to state that not only have we had no cholera, but the sanitary condition is exceptionally good. The death rate last week, 987, as compared with 1092 and 1196 in the two preceding weeks, is the smallest on record this year. T. C.

An imposing sculpture of a lion was unveiled at Belfort on Sunday as a memorial of Colonel Denfert Rochereau, a descendant of Coligny, who defended the town in 1870, and of Thiers, who saved it from annexation to Germany, by threatening to renew the war sooner than sacrifice it.

The King and Queen of Spain arrived at Vigo last Saturday afternoon, and left in the ironclad Victoria on Monday for Gijón, which was reached on Tuesday.

On Monday the opening meeting of the Conference of International Societies of the Red Cross was held at Geneva. Nearly all the European States were represented. A letter was read from the Empress of Germany announcing her intention to subscribe 5000f. to the funds of the society.

The Belgian Chamber adopted last Saturday the new Primary Education Bill by 80 Clerical against 49 Liberal votes. On Sunday a great Liberal demonstration of delegates from the whole country was held at Brussels to present a petition to the King respectfully begging his Majesty to refuse his assent to the bill. The processions proceeded along the principal streets, which were lined with a sympathetic crowd, handkerchiefs waving from the windows. There were bands of music, flags, banners with devices and sentences. The King being at Ostend, the petition was left at the Palace. The troops were confined to barracks, and perfect order was kept.—On Monday the triennial exhibition of pictures and sculpture was opened at the Fine-Arts Palace, Brussels. The King and Queen came from Ostend to be present. Their Majesties were received by the Minister of Fine Arts, the Burgomaster of Brussels, and the Managing Committee. The French, German, Dutch, and Belgian schools are represented, and there are many remarkable pictures.

At the International Agricultural Exhibition at Amsterdam Queen Victoria was awarded three first prizes, and the Prince of Wales two second prizes, for oxen and milch cows. The Minister of Public Works distributed the awards on Monday.

The Emperor of Germany was thrown from his horse while riding in the park at Babelsberg last week. Beyond a slight strain to the muscles his Majesty sustained no injury. His Imperial Majesty arrived at Berlin on Monday, and took up his residence at the Royal Palace, in readiness for the great parade of the Guards corps on Tuesday, the fourteenth anniversary of the battle of Sedan. At the parade the Emperor appeared again on horseback, sitting as firm in his saddle as ever. He was received with the greatest enthusiasm. At the dinner which followed in the Castle covers were laid for 350. There was a state performance at the Opera.—The Crown Prince returned to Berlin on Thursday week.—Although Princess William of Prussia is not yet quite recovered, her lately born son was christened on Sunday, with much ceremony, in the Schloss at Potsdam. The Hereditary Princess of Meiningen, eldest daughter of the Crown Princess, acted for the mother, and the Emperor held at the font this, his third great-grandson, who received the name of Charles. Among the sponsors of the Prince are the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Kings and Queens of Wurttemberg and Sweden, and the King of Bavaria.—The remains of Lord Amphilh were removed

from Potsdam yesterday week, en route for London. Representatives of the Emperor, the Empress, and the Crown Prince were in attendance at the railway station. The Foreign Diplomats also joined in the universal marks of respect to the deceased Ambassador. A special memorial service for the late Lord was held in the English chapel at Berlin on Monday. All the members of the British Embassy and the American Chargé-d'Affaires were present.

The Emperor of Austria arrived at Arad yesterday week to attend the manoeuvres about to take place here. The Crown Prince and Princess left Brück last week after a stay there of fifteen days.—An extraordinary number of military manoeuvres are taking place in Austria-Hungary just now. The Croatian Diet has been dissolved. It was elected three years ago.

The King of Denmark has appointed the Mayor of Copenhagen, M. Finsen, to be Minister of the Interior.—The Conference of the Evangelical Alliance assembled on Monday at Copenhagen, about 2000 members being present. An introductory meeting was held last Saturday in the university hall, at which the president welcomed the delegates, and the Lord Mayor of London responded for the English members. The King and Queen of Denmark have signified their intention of attending some of the meetings. The alliance elected Dr. Kalkar as president of the Conference, and the Lord Mayor of London, and Count Bernstorff, of Berlin, as vice-presidents.

The Emperor of Russia left St. Petersburg early on Wednesday morning for Warsaw.—The manoeuvres in which the Russian Fleet are engaged in the neighbourhood of Cronstadt began on Thursday week with an attack upon the fortifications, which was repulsed. This was followed by a decisive battle between two sections of the fleet, and a review. The Czar and Czarina were present.

An International Electric Exhibition was opened in Philadelphia on Tuesday by Governor Patteson. The British Government was represented by Captain H. R. De Wolski, of the Royal Engineers.

Despatches from Lima, received at New York, report that on Wednesday week General Cáceres entered the city with ninety horsemen, followed by a rabble. His men began indiscriminate firing, and killed 150 persons. He was finally driven back by the Government troops, who took 300 prisoners. General Cáceres escaped. He said he had 1300 disciplined troops under his command.

The Hon. James F. Garrick, Agent-General for Queensland, has received a cablegram from his Government notifying that the Land Bill has passed the second reading.

The New Zealand Ministry has resigned, in consequence of a vote of want of confidence passed by the House of Representatives.

A Reuter despatch from Tien-Tsin states that the Japanese Minister has claimed for his Government the sovereignty of the Loochoo Islands. His Excellency declines to treat at Tien-Tsin, and will shortly proceed to Peking.

MUSIC.

THE WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The one hundred and sixty-first meeting of the cathedral choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester will take place, at the first-named city, next week. It is scarcely necessary to remind readers that the ultimate object of these festivals is to bring aid to the widows and orphans of the poorer clergy of the three dioceses, and this is effected entirely by the collections and contributions received at the Cathedral after the services and musical performances there, and other donations, no use being made for that purpose of any profits from the sale of tickets. These, indeed, are usually very small, and have been sometimes nil; instances having occurred of very large balances on the wrong side. To meet this possibility, the number of honorary stewards (among whom the loss, if any, is divided) has been gradually and largely augmented—in the present case more than 220 noblemen and gentlemen having consented so to serve; the list being headed with the name of the Bishop of Worcester, President of the Festival. The principal solo singers announced are:—Madame Albani, Miss A. Williams, Mrs. Hutchinson, Madame Patey, Madame Enriquez, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. B. Newth, Mr. Brereton, and Mr. Santley.

The orchestra—headed by Mr. Carrodus as solo and leading violinist—comprises many of the most eminent London instrumentalists; the chorus being composed of the three associated choirs, with reinforcements from other quarters.

There will be a special inaugural service in the Cathedral to-morrow (Sunday) morning, with a sermon, appropriate to the occasion, to be preached by the Rev. W. J. Knox-Little, Canon of Worcester, the music comprising Dr. Bridge's "Hymn to the Creator," Sir F. G. Ouseley's Te Deum and "Benedictus" in F, Mendelssohn's psalm "When Israel out of Egypt came," and Dr. Croft's anthem "Cry aloud and shout."

Monday will be appropriated to rehearsals in the Cathedral and the Public Hall, and the Festival performances will open with M. Gounod's "Redemption" on Tuesday morning. On Wednesday Cherubini's grand Mass in D minor, Handel's overture to "Esther," Bach's cantata, "God so loved the world," Spohr's "Christian's Prayer," and Schubert's "Song of Miriam" will be given; and, in the evening (also in the Cathedral), Mendelssohn's "Elijah" will be performed. Thursday morning's programme will begin with the "Stabat Mater" of Herr Dvorák (conducted by the composer) and close with the first part of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul"; Handel's "Messiah," on Friday morning, forming, as usual, the climax to the oratorio performances, which will be supplemented, in the evening, by a special closing service in the nave of the cathedral, thus completing the religious aspect of the occasion.

Concerts of miscellaneous secular music will be given in the Public Hall on Tuesday and Thursday evenings; the earlier occasion including the production of a new cantata, "Hero and Leander," composed for the festival by Mr. C. H. Lloyd. In accordance with precedent, the Cathedral organist of the city in which the festival is held (in this case Mr. Done) acts as conductor.

An English version of Boito's "Mefistofele" has recently been produced with great success by the Carl Rosa Opera Company in Dublin—the principal characters sustained by Madame Marie Roze, Miss Burton, Mr. B. McGuckin, and Mr. Ludwig. Mr. Rosa contemplates an extended season at Drury Lane Theatre, commencing next Easter. "Mefistofele," a version of M. Massenet's "Manon," and a new opera (on a Russian subject) by Mr. A. Goring Thomas, will be produced; Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's new English opera being deferred to the season of 1886.

The autumn Congress of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain, which has the Duke of Northumberland for its president, will be held this year at Dublin. Sir Robert Rawlinson, C.B., the president of the Congress, will open the Congress with an address on Tuesday, the 30th inst., and the proceedings will last until Oct. 4.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

A large and brilliant Lyceum audience on the night of Thursday, Aug. 28, testified in the heartiest fashion their admiration of the dramatic genius of Mr. Henry Irving at the close of the distinguished actor's subtle and powerful delineation of the clearly-cut character of Cardinal Richelieu in the late Lord Lytton's historical play, wherein, it should also be mentioned in passing, an extremely graceful and comely and brightly intelligent young actress, Miss Winifred Emery, shone as Julie de Mortemar. The culminating point of enthusiasm in this vaudeictory demonstration was reached when Mr. Irving reappeared before the curtain leading Miss Ellen Terry, whose right arm was still in a sling, but whose beaming face, as she bowed her thanks for the warm applause bestowed upon her, eloquently spoke of returning health. The habitual farewell speech, a model address on this occasion, was made by Mr. Irving, who informed his friends that the Lyceum Company would commence their trans-Atlantic tour in Quebec on the Thirtieth of September next. The American tour is to be closed at New York on the Fourth of April; and early in the ensuing May Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the Company are to reappear at the Lyceum, "Olivia" being named as one of the earliest revivals. Particularly significant was the cordial approval by the audience of the passage in which Mr. Irving smilingly spoke of his intention to "permanently settle down at home" on his return from this second American trip.

The Lyceum, during Mr. Irving's absence, will be under the direction of Mr. Abbey, who reopens the house to-night with Miss Mary Anderson as the star in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's plays of "Pygmalion and Galatea" and "Comedy and Tragedy."

Mr. Wilson Barrett should have taken in a large stock of health during his recent vacation. With undiminished earnestness and power did this admirable actor sustain the arduous rôles of "Claudian" and "Chatterton" last Saturday night at the Princess's Theatre; and, when recalled by the gratified auditory, he yet had breath left to return the inevitable speech of thanks, and to announce a grand revival of "Hamlet" as his next novelty. Mr. Wilson Barrett has secured as a foil to his Hamlet an emotional Ophelia in Miss Eastlake, whose performance of the part of Almida in "Claudian" is replete with grace and feeling. It is whispered that all that art, skill, research, and liberal expenditure can do will be forthcoming to render the Princess's "Hamlet" the dramatic event of the autumn.

About the same time that Mr. Wilson Barrett was unfolding his programme, Mr. Terriss was putting a good face on matters at Toole's, and informing the audience that the brief season of Mr. Daly's American Company had been more successful than he had anticipated it would be. The artistic ability of the leading members of this excellent troupe of comedians was shown during the last nights of the engagement in the amusing farce of "A Woman's Won't" and Colley Cibber's old-fashioned comedy of "She Would and She Would Not," in which Miss Ada Rehan was charming as Hypolita, and Mr. James Lewis was delightfully humorous in the character of Trappanti. A return visit of Mr. Daly's mirth-moving company would be welcome.

Adaptations from the German are becoming not uncommon on the London stage. A fresh one was submitted for approval, and gained it, at the Haymarket on Monday. "Bachelors" is the inviting title of the comedy, the English version of which is by Mr. Robert Buchanan and Mr. Hermann Vezin. Divertingly it is shown in "Bachelors" how a group of Benedicks in a celibate home come in the end to surrender at discretion to the irresistible Beatrices with whom they are thrown into contact. That clever young comedian, Mr. C. Brookfield, who has taken upon his shoulders the management of the Haymarket during the autumn season, performs with great humour the droll part of Professor Bromley, who is driven to propose to more than one lady. "Bachelors" is otherwise well acted. Miss Kate Munroe and Miss M. A. Victor as the bewitching widows, Mr. H. B. Conway as Lovelace, Mr. Stewart Dawson as Marrable, Miss Julia Gwynne, Miss Ruth Francis, Mr. Charles Coote, Mr. E. Maurice, and Miss Mary Marden, all acquit themselves with the requisite spirit to make this peculiarly funny piece go off well. Mr. Brookfield does not spare himself, for he is for the remainder of the evening the life and soul of "Evergreen."

Theatrically speaking, London will be almost itself again in another week. To-night, the Comedy reopens with the admirable comic opera of "Rip Van Winkle." Messrs. Willie Edouin and Lionel Brough join hands at Toole's next Tuesday, when both these popular low comedians will appear in a new and sparkling burlesque, "Babes; or, Whines from the Wood," a punning title worthy the dry author, Mr. Harry Paulton. On Thursday, the Eleventh of September, Mr. Augustus Harris will court fortune again at Drury Lane, and not unsuccessfully if careful rehearsal means anything, with the remarkably engrossing and exciting drama of "The World," which brought this clever and energetic young manager his first stroke of managerial luck. G. A. S.

Horace Davenport, the ex-amateur champion of England, on Tuesday swam across the Solent from Portsmouth to Ryde and back in five hours and thirty-five minutes.

The exhibition of works by the members of the City of London Society of Artists in the old Law Courts adjoining the Guildhall has proved so successful that the promoters have decided to retain the collection on view until the end of September, a month longer than was originally intended.

A public drinking fountain, presented by Miss Emily Bessie Orbell, of Duke-street, Manchester-square, was publicly opened on Wednesday, in the St. George's-gardens, Wakefield-street, Regent-square, in the presence of Mr. Milton, the secretary of the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain Association, and several members of the St. Pancras Vestry.

The Consul-General of the Argentine Republic has requested that a mistake in our description of the new city of La Plata might be rectified. La Plata was mentioned as the new capital, whereas the city of Buenos Ayres is still the capital of the Federation, La Plata being only the new capital of the province of Buenos Ayres.

The New Island Lighthouse off Belfast was handed over to the Commissioners of Irish Lights on Wednesday, having been completed by the contractors, Messrs. Dixon and Co. It stands 150 ft. above the level of high water, and its illuminating power extends over twenty miles. A fog signal of great power is attached to it. Residences for the keeper and his assistants have been erected on the island.

The funeral of the late Lord Amphilh took place at St. Michael's Church, Chertsey, Buckinghamshire, on Wednesday, the remains being placed in the family vault of the Russells, beneath the village church. The coffin was covered with floral wreaths. On the head panel is placed a simple brass plate with the following inscription:—"The Right Hon. Odo William Russell, first Baron Amphilh, born 20th February, 1829, died at Potsdam, 25th August, 1884." Precisely at one o'clock the funeral cortege left the rectory.



THE FRENCH WAR IN CHINA: SOLDIERS CROSSING THE FOOWH BRIDGE.

THE COURT.

The Queen is in excellent health and spirits. On Thursday week the Duke of Wellington had an audience of her Majesty at Osborne to deliver up the Badge of the Garter worn by his uncle, the late Duke. The Crown Princess of Germany and Princess Victoria of Prussia dined with her Majesty. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Ponsonby, Captain Arthur, C.B., her Majesty's ship Hector, guard-ship at Cowes, and Captain Thomson, her Majesty's yacht Victoria and Albert, had the honour of being invited. Yesterday week Gunner Alfred Bretnall and Privates Daniel Brady and Stephen Patterson, Royal Marines, were decorated by the Queen with the medal for conspicuous gallantry for services performed by them at the battle of Tamai. The Crown Princess of Germany and Princess Victoria of Prussia dined with her Majesty. Sir Howard Elphinstone had the honour of being invited. The Earl of Northbrook and General Lord Wolseley arrived at Osborne on Saturday last, and had an audience of the Queen, previous to their departure for Egypt. The German Crown Princess left Osborne on Saturday to attend the christening of the infant Duke of Albany at Esher. The Queen drove out in the afternoon, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Louise of Battenberg; and at Osborne Bay her Majesty inspected one of the boats built by Mr. J. White, of Cowes, for the Nile expedition, the boat being loaded to its intended deepest draught, and having its full complement of ten soldiers and two boatmen on board. On Sunday morning her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, and the Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service. The Rev. Canon Prothero officiated.

The Queen left the Isle of Wight for Scotland on Monday evening. Her Majesty was accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught, and Princess Victoria of Germany; and was joined at Basingstoke by the Crown Princess of Germany. The Royal party reached Ballater on Tuesday afternoon. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by their sons and daughters, drove into the village in open carriages, and waited to receive her Majesty. The Prince and his sons wore the Highland costume. An unusually large crowd gathered in the area beyond the platform, and when the Queen approached she was greeted with enthusiastic cheers. Her Majesty bowed smilingly, and took her seat in an open carriage drawn by four greys, with postillions and outriders. A guard of honour of the 2nd Battalion Royal Scots was drawn up, and saluted her Majesty as she passed. The Prince and Princess of Wales, after a short conversation with the Queen, the Crown Princess, and the other members of the party, took leave of her Majesty. The Queen then drove away amidst loud cheers, going by the north side of the Dee to Balmoral. The Prince and Princess of Wales drove up the south side of the river.

The Crown Princess, after a short stay at Balmoral, will proceed to Germany. Princesses Sophia and Margaret of Prussia remain in the Isle of Wight during the visit of the Crown Princess and Princess Victoria to Scotland.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their sons and daughters, are enjoying themselves at their Highland residence. The Prince and his sons, Princes Albert Victor and George, were out on Tuesday, last week, in the Woods of The Knocks, near Abergeldie. Five splendid stags fell to the rifles of the party. One of the stags had a magnificent head, with eleven points. In the evening a deer dance was held at Abergeldie Mains, followed by a torchlight procession. The scene was a very romantic one, and the visitors seemed to enjoy it thoroughly. On the following day Prince George was in Ballochbuie Forest, and shot two stags. On Thursday week the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princes Albert Victor and George and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, paid a visit to Aberdeen, and were entertained at luncheon in the Townhall by the officers of the 3rd Battalion Gordon Highlanders. The Princess of Wales subsequently presented new colours to the regiment. The day was observed as a general holiday, and in the evening the city was illuminated.

The Duke of Edinburgh, who arrived with the Channel Fleet off Kingstown on Wednesday week, visited Dublin on Thursday, and was the guest of the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Spencer. In the course of the day his Royal Highness visited the Horse Show. The Duke was everywhere greeted with great cordiality. Yesterday week Sir Thomas Steele, Commander of the Forces in Ireland, visited the Duke. Last Saturday the Duke again visited Dublin with Prince Alfred of Edinburgh, and was received at the Dublin railway station by the Lord Lieutenant. His Royal Highness was loudly cheered on his landing, and was frequently saluted in the streets of Dublin. He lunched at the Viceregal Lodge in the Phoenix Park, and afterwards watched the close of a cricket-match between I Zingari and the military. On the Channel Squadron arriving at Queenstown last Monday, the Mayor of Cork went on board the Minotaur, and welcomed the Duke, who expressed his gratification at the reception of the officers of the squadron on the Irish coast. The Duke left Queenstown on Tuesday morning for Castlemartyr, the residence of the Earl of Shannon. Princess Alexandra Olga Victoria, third daughter of the Duke, attained her sixth birthday on Monday.

The Crown Princess of Sweden arrived at Eastbourne on Saturday last.

The Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth is closed for five weeks.

The Bishop of Salisbury has arrived in Bournemouth for a period of rest. Dr. Moberly is in his eighty-first year.

Lord Nelson opened a Church of England Working-Men's Institute at Christchurch on Thursday week.

The enthronement of the Bishop of Ripon (Dr. Carpenter) has been fixed to take place in Ripon Cathedral next Tuesday.

The Ripon Diocesan Conference will be held on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 7 and 8, in the Philosophical Hall, Leeds.

The Bishop of Ripon has appointed the Rev. W. J. Courtney to the sole charge of Dent, near Sedbergh.

By the death of the Rev. Frederick French, the living of Oxtou, near Southwell, Notts, has become vacant.

The Bishop of Llandaff has so far recovered from his recent illness, caused through the rupture of a blood-vessel, that he has been enabled to leave the palace for Derby.

The Bishop of Lincoln has addressed a letter to the clergy of his diocese thanking them for their prayers and kind expressions of sympathy during his recent severe illness.

The Bishop of Bangor (Dr. Campbell), in his charge at Llandegai on Thursday week, said that the Church is gaining in strength, in spiritual life, and energy.

We hear that the Bishop of St. Albans has presented the Rev. A. E. Northey, Vicar of Offley, to the vicarage of Rickmansworth, worth £600 a year.

The Archbishop of York, as a trustee for the Speaker's Commentary, has apportioned £100 of the profits arising from that work to the Wyclif Society, which was formed in 1882 to complete the printing of John Wyclif's writings.

PAPER AND INK.

Anthony Trollope used to say that all the outlay needed by the man who selected literature as a profession was in paper and ink. In one sense this is true. He has not to take chambers, like the barrister, or an office, like the architect; neither has he to purchase stock, like the tradesman. Unlike the merchant, he requires no balance at the banker's; unlike the physician, he is not forced at the commencement of practice to spend much while earning little. The literary man is free from many of the fetters by which men in other professions are bound. He can live or starve, as he pleases; if he earn little he can spend less. He has no partnership to buy on borrowed capital; no establishment to keep up for the sake of appearances; he can write as well in a garret as in a mansion; and there is scarcely any position, however narrow or painful, in which he cannot carry on his daily work.

What a free life it seems! How pleasant to spin fancies and sell them for guineas! To work when and how you please, to charm the whole world of readers, and put money in your purse at the same time! The young writer who chooses this delightful profession never doubts of his success in it. He remembers the prizes; he forgets the blanks. He sees authors riding in their carriages; he does not or will not see the needy army of writers who work through weary hours day by day, and earn a miserable pittance. The want of success, that "Work without hope" of which Coleridge writes so feelingly, is especially painful to a journalist or author, for he has to bear it alone and in solitude, without any of the alleviations which come to men in more active occupations. But the possibility of this sorrow that makes the heart sick does not occur to the literary tyro. Other men have won in the race, and why should not he; if he cannot win fortune he may do what is better—rise to fame; and the dream of making a name in literature leads him to despise difficulties. Some men, it may be observed incidentally, seem to live on dreams; and so long as they do not wake to find that they have been dreaming, the life is a pleasant one: but what if they do?

The profession of literature resembles in one respect that of the stage. No one probably was ever hindered from engaging in either by the adverse arguments of authors or actors. There is so much in both professions which looks tempting, that the man with a turn for writing or for acting wishes to try for himself whether the path is full of thorns or flowers. Two, however, of the most conspicuous men of letters this century has produced were under no illusion about the occupation they deliberately selected. Southey, after vain efforts to succeed in law and medicine, settled down to literature, and called it his "one happy choice." "No man," he said, "was ever more contented with his lot than I am;" and no man, we may add, ever toiled at the oar with more untiring energy. He knew what he could do, and so long as he had his household treasures round him his heart did not fail. But Southey did not counsel others to follow in his steps. "It is a difficult as well as a delicate task," he wrote, "to advise a youth of ardent mind and aspiring thoughts in the choice of a profession; but a wise man will have no hesitation in exhorting him to choose anything rather than literature. Better that he should seek his fortune before the mast, or with a musket on his shoulder and a knapsack on his back; better that he should follow the plough, or work at the loom or the lathe, or sweat over the anvil, than trust to literature as the only means of his support." And now listen to what another "author by profession" has to say, who pursued through a long life a similar course of honourable toil.

"Periodical writing," says Carlyle, "is simply the worst of all existing employments. . . . Incessant scribbling is inevitable death to thought." And again: "It is galling and heart-burning to live on the precarious windfalls of literature." In a pecuniary point of view, Scott gained infinitely more by authorship than by his official posts, yet Sir Walter always maintained strongly that literature was not a pursuit to live by, and, like Charles Lamb, he considered it a bad crutch, but a good walking-stick. A man should be very well assured that he possesses what is known in medicine as staying power before he devotes himself to authorship. It is not the capacity of occasionally writing clever things that will serve him in what Carlyle calls "the trade of literature." The brilliancy that sometimes dazzles us in young writers is a thing of youth, which disappears with the season of its birth.

Literature, with far fewer prizes, is as exacting a profession as medicine or the law. To succeed, a man must give all his days to it, and we had almost said his nights. How much knowledge it demands, how much versatility, how much happiness of expression, will be obvious to every reader. A small fund of thought and learning will be soon exhausted, and it is essential that acquisition should keep pace with composition. At the same time, the author whose works are of any worth will not have got up his knowledge for the temporary purpose of using it. To be employed effectively it must have been assimilated before, and become a part of his being. And he must be content to spend years in preparatory labour, and often in abortive efforts. Literary success seems easy, because we do not see the toil that has secured it. The ambitious youth looking at the great names in literature asks why he, too, should not lift his forehead to the stars? Why should he? Genius is one of the rarest of gifts, and authorship without genius, although often extremely useful, yields a comparatively small return in money and less in fame. Why should he? when among all the sons of men so few, so very few, stand out from their fellows in literature or art. After all, the only man of letters truly deserving of the title is he who pursues literature with undivided affection, who loves it in poverty as much as in wealth, in obscurity as much as when it makes his name famous, and who finds in it the best of masters, because he is the most loving, the most faithful, the most self-denying of servants.

J. D.

It is again stated that the Blenheim "Raphael" has been purchased by the Chancellor of the Exchequer for £70,000.

A new church, dedicated to St. Giles, in the Early English style, has been opened at Marfleet, in Holderness. It replaces a brick structure built in 1793.

The *Standard* correspondent in Copenhagen reports:—The long-mooted question regarding the site of the projected English church is in these days decided in favour of the spot suggested by the Minister of War. The site thus chosen is on the Esplanade, an open space between the Citadel and the Custom-House, immediately adjacent to the harbour and the inner roads, and therefore the very best that could have been chosen for seamen.

The preachers at St. Paul's Cathedral for the present month are as follow:—Sept. 7, morning, the Rev. Prebendary Scott; evening, the Rev. Dr. Guy, Head Master of the Forest School, Walthamstow. Sept. 14, morning, the Rev. Prebendary Reynolds; evening, the Rev. T. H. Houlton, Vicar of Wantage. Sept. 21, morning, the Rev. A. Williamson; evening, the Rev. G. B. Vaux, Curate of Wellington, Salop. Sept. 28, morning, the Rev. Dr. Wace; evening, the Rev. Canon Sumner, Rector of Old Alresford, Hants. The Rev. R. H. Scott Holland, being the Canon in residence for the month, will occupy the pulpit on Sunday afternoons.

THE CUP THAT CHEERS.

In the social history of England during the last hundred years tea occupies a prominent place. Modern philanthropy has found in it a strong support, and it is needless to observe that half the religious and charitable associations in the kingdom are indebted to tea meetings. Yet, strange to say, when first the herb became popular in the eighteenth century it was opposed on moral grounds. John Wesley used all his eloquence to denounce the use of it as likely to injure not the body only but the soul. He terms it poison, and argues that for the sake of those whom it injures and on whose hearts it has too much hold, it is the duty of all men to abstain from it. Dr. Johnson, who drank tea in inordinate quantities, and often kept Mrs. Thrale up till four o'clock in the morning while she poured out cup after cup of the "watery luxury," was startled at its large consumption in this country. Tea, he admits, is a barren superfluity unfitted for the lower classes of the people, as it supplies no strength to labour, but gratifies the taste without nourishing the body. He is informed that the nation expends upon it more than £300,000 annually, and admits that if this be the case the importation ought to be stopped by a penal law.

When Johnson wrote, in 1757, he stated that two years previously nearly four millions of pounds had been imported, not to reckon that which was surreptitiously introduced; and he adds, "Such quantities are indeed sufficient to alarm us." If there was cause for alarm then, what would the Doctor say now? A hundred years after he wrote, more than 75,000,000 lb. were charged with duty, and the total export of China tea last season amounted to 151,000,000 lb., while in one month of the present year the deliveries of teas from India alone exceeded 6,000,000 lb. Readers are not generally fond of statistics, but it is well to have a clear conception of the enormous progress of the trade.

The taste for tea grows with the years, and it may now be looked upon as a necessary of life. Both in the higher classes of society and in the lower the tea-pot is one of the most familiar of domestic objects. There are some extreme abstainers, however, who do not regard the sight with pleasure. Mr. Reade, who has lately written an interesting little volume upon tea, states that there is a society in America, consisting of 10,000 members, pledged neither to drink tea nor coffee; and Dr. Richardson considers that tea is a fruitful cause of much mental depression. "There are many," he says, "who never know a day of felicity owing to this one destroying cause." This opinion was shared by the late Dean of Bangor, who thought that tea-drinking, by destroying the calmness of the nerves, was acting as a dangerous revolutionary force among us. Unhappy the man whose friends hold intemperate views of temperance. At one house he is not allowed to poison himself with wine; at another he is denied tea; at a third the righteous soul of his host is "vexed" with coffee; at a fourth vegetarianism is in the ascendant; and in all, probably, smoking is looked upon as a vice, and tobacco as the source of unnumbered evils! Tea, unlike tobacco, has the better half of the race upon its side, and women at least will be glad to know that the consensus of opinion is friendly to their favourite beverage. It has been proved incontestably that soldiers and sailors can work better on tea or coffee than on rum; that they keep out the cold of the Arctic regions more effectually than alcohol, and are more invigorating in tropical heat. In mountain climbing cold tea is preferred to brandy, and in the harvest-field tea gives more working power than beer. Of course, people who drink very strong tea or great quantities of tea generally suffer in consequence from indigestion and nervous affections. There are exceptions to the rule, however; and Mr. Gladstone has confessed that he drinks more tea between midnight and four in the morning than any other member of the House of Commons, and that the strongest tea never interferes with his sleep.

When tea was first brought to England, in the first half of the seventeenth century, it was almost a priceless luxury, being sold for £6 and even £10 the pound. It was comparatively a luxury, too, in Johnson's day; but in the present age the price has rapidly fallen, and now what is called tea can be bought for eightpence a pound. How much the cheap samples of the herb are adulterated, we do not know; but even in the early years of the century a Report of the House of Commons states that "millions of pounds' weight of sloe, liquorice, and ash-tree leaves are every year mixed with Chinese teas in England." And this we do know, too often by experience, that cheap tea is wholly destitute of bouquet, and has no exhilarating quality. Yet people who cannot plead poverty, and who would be ashamed to give their friends poor wine, are strangely indifferent as to the quality of their tea. The cup they offer does not cheer, and, failing to do this, is of no service whatever. Afternoon tea is or ought to be one of the pleasantest institutions of the day. Conversation flows readily when assisted by the kindly inspiration of the teapot. Tea is a great support on such occasions to the nervous man. When he suddenly discovers that he has nothing to say it gives him something to do.

Happily, the latest medical authorities regard the afternoon tea not only as harmless but beneficial. Assuredly it promotes geniality and cheerfulness, and, as an adjunct to lawn-tennis, had a value feelingly appreciated by many of us during the recent hot days of August.

Over 20,120,000 tons of coal were raised from the Yorkshire coal-fields during the last official year.

The Queen has conferred the further distinction of a diploma upon the members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

On Monday the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland left Dublin for Gowran Castle, Kilkenny, for the purpose of being present at the festivities attending the coming of age of Viscount Cliden, one of whose guardians his Excellency has been since 1866.

Mr. William Comer Petheram, Q.C., has been appointed Chief Justice of the High Court of Judicature for the North-Western Provinces of India, in the place of Sir Robert Stuart, resigned.

Nearly all the troops comprising the Aldershot division took part in a sham fight yesterday week, the main body, under General Sir Archibald Alison, manœuvring against a skeleton enemy commanded by Colonel Sir Howard Elphinstone.

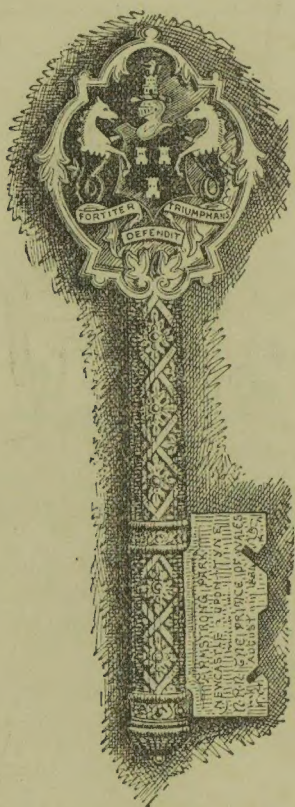
The Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee Tavern (once the Victoria Theatre) reopened last Saturday with a very attractive programme. Four evenings in each week are devoted to the variety entertainments, and on others lectures are provided.

A bands concert will be held in Victoria Park to-day (Hospital Saturday), five bands playing selections of music, and in the evening there will be a concert at Victoria Hall, both performances being in aid of the Hospital Saturday Fund.

Sir George Russell on Thursday week cut the first turf of a line of railway which is being constructed by the Elham Valley Railway Company to connect the South-Eastern main line at Cheriton, near Folkestone, with Canterbury. The new railway will open a rich agricultural district.

MOUNTAINEERING IN THE TYROL.

It is said that fear of the cholera has lessened the number of English visitors to the Continent in this holiday season; but those who delight in the High Alps have nothing of that kind to fear. Many of our countrymen will just now be enjoying Switzerland and the Tyrol, as freely as in past years; and those who have sufficient enterprise and fortitude of mind, as well as robustness and activity of body, may again be inspired with the romantic ambition to climb the loftier peaks and traverse the most difficult passes. Some of the perilous feats that are occasionally performed by members or disciples of the Alpine Club are exemplified in our page of Sketches, with the portrait of a notable Tyrolean guide in the centre, wearing the ordinary cap and feather of national costume for his class. The mode of operations, in ascending precipitous sides of mountains, is necessarily different from that of ordinary pedestrian progress along a level road. It becomes, in certain places, a pretty frequent resorting to the practice or precept, "Up with the ladder and down with the rope," but seldom with results so fatal as in that proverbial adage. Scaling the perpendicular walls of rock that perhaps overhang a possible drop of several hundred feet, or submitting the weight of your body to suspension from above, while you painfully struggle upward, trying to stick your feet into the notches previously cut with the axe by your guide, is a fair test of physical courage and the strength of manhood. Not quite so laborious, but equally trying to the nerves and to mental resolution, is the slow walking of several men, tied together, on the narrowest slippery ledge, half-way up the height, around the bulging shoulder of a mighty cliff, where the sudden fall of one person might drag his companions down with him, as happened in the terrible disaster of the Matterhorn, nineteen years ago. It need scarcely be remarked that the situation of the young gentleman astride the trunk of a tree thrown across a chasm of unknown depth, though he has a rope about his waist the ends of which are held by native attendants on each side, cannot be altogether secure and comfortable; but the glories of mountaineering adventure are enhanced by its real dangers. He will, after many hours of extreme toil, gain the summit which may command an extensive view of the lower country, with surprising peeps into the recesses of the Alpine highland region; but which may, on the other hand,



GOLD KEY FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES TO OPEN THE ARMSTRONG PARK, NEWCASTLE.

reveal only a stony top-shelf with nothing upon it, and the swelling bulk of adjacent mountains, losing half their grandeur of form compared with their aspect from below. It will, however, be a just cause of triumph when he descends, with neck unbroken, to return safe home after the Long Vacation, and can relate his achievements to friends among the undergraduates of Excelsior College; and no one there will be so unkind as to quote the ironical advice of the Roman satirist:—

I, demens, et curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas, et declamatio fias.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

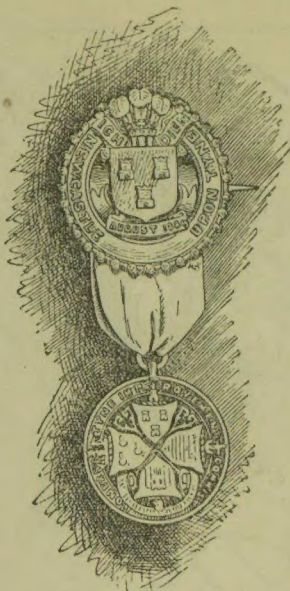
At a meeting of this institution held on Thursday last, at its house, John-street, Adelphi, it was reported that during the current year the institution had contributed, by its life-boats and other means, to the saving of 475 lives from shipwrecks, besides assisting to rescue nine vessels from destruction. For these services four silver medals and £3057 in cash have been granted as rewards. Among the contributions lately received were £500 from Mrs. R. F. Browne, of Dublin, to provide a life-boat to be named the "Richard Browne," and placed on the coast of Dublin; £100 from the Dramatic Club of the Honourable Artillery Company further, on behalf of their new life-boat for Walton-on-the-Naze; and £7 5s., being an offertory on board H.M.S. Tourmaline, per the Rev. James Payton, R.N., Chaplain. Life-boats were sent by the institution during the past month to Whitehaven, Littlehampton, and Palling, Norfolk; and it was decided to place new life-boats at Groomsport and Ballywalter, Ireland. Payments amounting to £2898 were made on the 277 life-boat establishments of the institution.

On Tuesday the annual exhibition of the Warwickshire Agricultural Society was held at Stratford-on-Avon. There was an excellent show, the entries including 820 animals. The dinner took place in the afternoon, in a tent in the show ground, and was well attended. Lord Leigh presided.

Among the notable bridges in the world is the one at Langang, China. It crosses an arm of the China Sea. This structure is some five miles long, and has not less than 300 arches. Over the pillar of each arch reclines a lion made out of a single block of marble, and yet 21 ft. long. The roadway of this bridge is 75 ft.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO NEWCASTLE.

The opening of Armstrong Park, Newcastle, by the Prince and Princess of Wales, on the 20th ult., was related in our Journal at the time. We now present an illustration of the golden key to



BADGE TO COMMEMORATE THE OPENING OF THE NEW DOCK ON THE TYNE.

the new Park, manufactured by an eminent local firm of goldsmiths, Messrs. Reid and Sons, of Grey-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne; and of the spade with which the Princess planted a young oak-tree. The ring of the key bears the arms of Newcastle, and on the reverse side is the Prince of Wales's plume surmounted with a crown bearing the Royal inscription, "Honi soit qui mal y pense." The key is very handsomely and ingeniously designed, and the inscription on the shield is, "Armstrong Park, Newcastle-on-Tyne, opened by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Aug. 20, 1884." The spade presented to her Royal Highness is about 2½ ft. long. The handle is made of black oak from the ancient Tyne bridge. In the centre is a drawing of a shield bearing the Newcastle arms; there are also empanelled the arms of the Prince and Princess. The spade bears the following inscription:—"The visit of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales to Newcastle-on-Tyne; opening of the Armstrong Park, Aug. 20, 1884." A medal, bearing a facsimile of the seal of the Tyne Commissioners, and a brooch or badge, to commemorate the occasion, were also made by Messrs. Reid and Sons, and have been generally admired.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 3.

While the most secure 3 to 4 per cent securities are increasing in value, many important sections of dividend descriptions are losing ground just now. American issues do not hold, probably because the traffic returns are not yet gaining much over the experience of 1883, and further because investors are kept back by the succession of events and disclosures in regard to railway administration in the States. Canadian suffer somewhat from sympathy. The Grand Trunk dividend is now much talked of. This time last year it was known on the 12th. British Railway open stocks are also weaker. Caledonian and North British move continually just as the dividend estimate of the hour suggests. Mexican Railway Stocks are still the object of a great deal of speculative interest, and once more it is placed beyond doubt that the traffic returns are known with precision in advance of the official publication. It is not supposed that the officials of the company in London are concerned. One result of the resort to hostilities in China by France is an advance in the shares of our Chinese Tea Companies, the supposition being that, as the export from China may thereby be impeded, present stocks will rise in value. Caledonian stock has risen on the notification of a dividend of 4 per cent per annum, which is the same rate as last year.

The plan for reconstructing the defaulting Wabash, St. Louis, and Pacific Railway Company is now before English investors, and it has been received with considerable preliminary discontent. It does not appear that the board or those who father this scheme at all see their proposals from an English standpoint. Our people are naturally very sore. Their experience dates from 1881, when the Railway Share Trust Company issued the bonds of the Wabash Company under a general mortgage of 50,000,000 dols. The price was £215 per bond of 1000 dols. About the same time the ordinary and preference shares were admitted to the Official List. The former came to be quoted at about 50 per cent, and the latter at nearly par. The bonds are now little over 40, the ordinary shares at 6, and the preference shares at 14. It now appears in this scheme of reconstruction that in 1881, when these bonds were issued, and when the shares obtained admission to the Official List, the company ought to have been in the hands of receivers, as in that year, and up to the break-down, four of the directors and the Iron Mountain Company, as lessee, had supplied what money was necessary to keep the company going. The bondholders here say that they were deceived, and the buyers of the shares have the same view. It is now proposed to pay the debts thereby incurred by the issue of 6 per cent non-cumulative bonds for the amount, and into these new bonds the general mortgage bonds are also to be converted. The holders of ordinary and preferred shares are to lose all interest in the company, unless they subscribe 8 dols. per share. If they do that, they are to receive 6 per cent first preference shares to the amount of such subscription, and also new second preference shares and ordinary shares, respectively, for their present holding share per share.

The Bank of England have caused to be notified that the conversion of Consols and other 3 per cent national stocks into lower-interest stock is not compulsory. It appears that the Bank found a wide-spread feeling that there was no choice left to the fundholders. No one need to convert, and in my opinion no one ought.

T. S.

The forty-first Congress of the British Archaeological Association opened at Tenby on Tuesday, the Bishop of St. David's being president. He reviewed the history of archaeological research during the past quarter of a century, and commented upon the good results which had followed upon the operations of the society. The meeting will close next Thursday.

THE LOAN EXHIBITION, EDINBURGH.

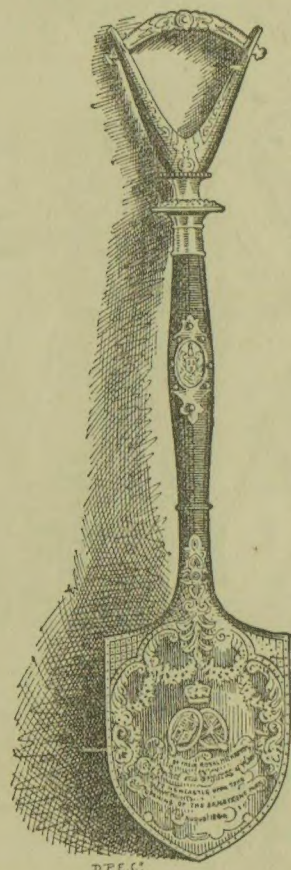
Last year we gave a brief notice of the "Loan Collection of Old Masters and Scottish National Portraits" then exhibited in Edinburgh. This year the Board of Manufactures, to which our Northern brethren, with that eye to practical results so characteristic of them, have confided the entire control of art matters, has partly repeated and very much extended the portrait portion of last year's exhibition. The result is altogether admirable.

To the student, indeed, and to the man whose habit of mind has a tendency towards quietude and philosophy, the present collection of Scottish portraits affords a refuge from the outdoor turmoil of tourist life—which we need hardly say is, from the cholera scare, more rampant this autumn than ever—if not an absolute antidote to the political excitement to which the perfervid genius of the Scottish people is at this moment submitting itself.

The collection consists of 573 painted portraits, thirty-five portrait-busts, forty-four engravings and miniatures, and seventy-one casts of Scottish portrait-medals. But for crowding, these are all, with perhaps here and there an exception, well hung and placed. The compiler of the catalogue has done good service in the historical notes which he has appended to the names of those represented, and had he only extended his labours to the artists themselves, stating the place and the date of their birth and burial, and a word, so far as it could be ascertained, as to their training, he would have enhanced the permanent value of his book. If we remember rightly, last year's catalogue did something of this kind, and it is rather to be regretted that the practice has been discontinued.

With the revival of art in this island we generally follow the example of Walpole, and associate with it the honoured name of George Jamesone; but, noticing that the number of portraits in the present exhibition whose authors are "unknown" reaches nearly two hundred, and that many of these evidently belong to the first half of the seventeenth century, we are forced to the conclusion that the practice of portraiture was much more diffused than we generally suppose.

Jamesone, Aikman, Alexander, the Allans, Runciman, Allan Ramsay, Sir Henry Raeburn, Sir David Wilkie, Sir



SPADE USED BY THE PRINCESS OF WALES TO PLANT A TREE IN ARMSTRONG PARK, NEWCASTLE.

John Watson Gordon, John Phillip of Spain, George Reid of Aberdeen, are names not altogether unknown to fame, and most satisfactory examples of these and many others adorn the walls of the present exhibition.

Then, as to the people represented, we have telling likenesses of nearly all those who have left their mark on the history of Scotland, and sometimes on that of England, beginning with Lord Hartington's "James V. and Mary of Guise"—two magnificently painted three-quarter lengths, in one frame, by some "unknown" artist—and coming down to notable men of our own day and generation. Mary Stuarts, of course, abound, and there is the usual difficulty of reconciling them one with another.

Among the heads which struck us for their individuality, and the glimpse they give us into character, was the George Buchanan of Pourbuy the elder, contributed by the Royal Society of London; the Marquis of Lothian's great Marquis of Argyll and his sweet fair-haired Marchioness, the latter one of the best portraits Jamesone ever painted; William Drummond of Hawthornden, by Cornelius Jansen; and "the Admirable Crichton," by an unknown hand. From the watchful reserve of his eye and aspect, and the palpably nervous sensitiveness in the action of both hands, one at all accustomed to the look of masters of fence would not hesitate a moment in accepting this as an authentic portrait of the man.

Here, too, is the grim, ascetic-looking Andrew Cant, the man whose name, if it did not furnish the English language with a new word, ought to have done so; here, too, his meteoric contemporary, the great Montrose, from the masterly hand of Hurthurst, and of his auburn-haired sister, Margaret, Lady Napier, a magnificent creature, who might well be the sister of a hero. Lord Napier and Ettrick, says that this portrait is by George Jamesone. If so, the notions about this painter must be revolutionised, and he must take his place in future among the master limners of the world.

Lely and Kneller, Reynolds and Gainsborough, are all abundantly represented here, and represented well; but none of their portraits, admirable though many of them are, leave so abiding an impression on the mind of the writer of these notes as Sir Henry Raeburn's likeness of himself, which for force and vitality is almost unrivalled in the exhibition, and that of his comely wife, which for absolute naturalness and suavity one would have to wander over many galleries to find its fellow.

J. F. R.

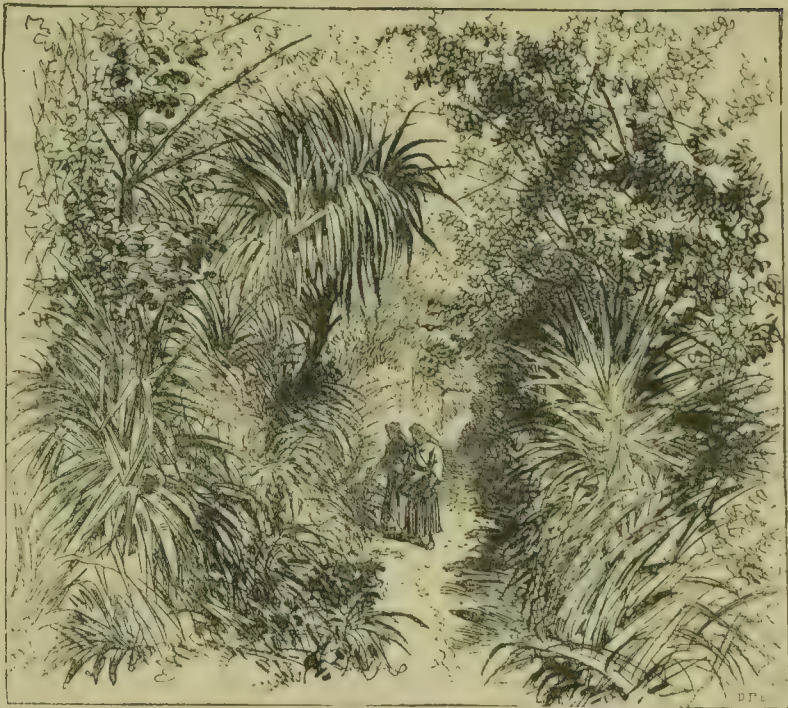
MOUNTAIN CLIMBING IN THE TYROL.



S K E T C H E S I N T H E I S L A N D O F F O R M O S A .



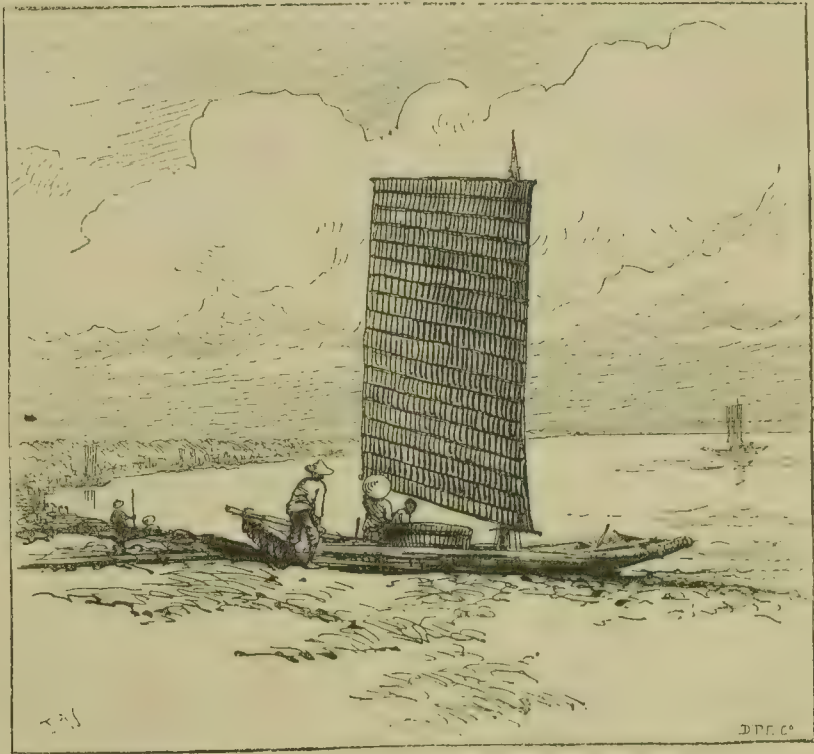
WOMEN OF PEPO-WAN.



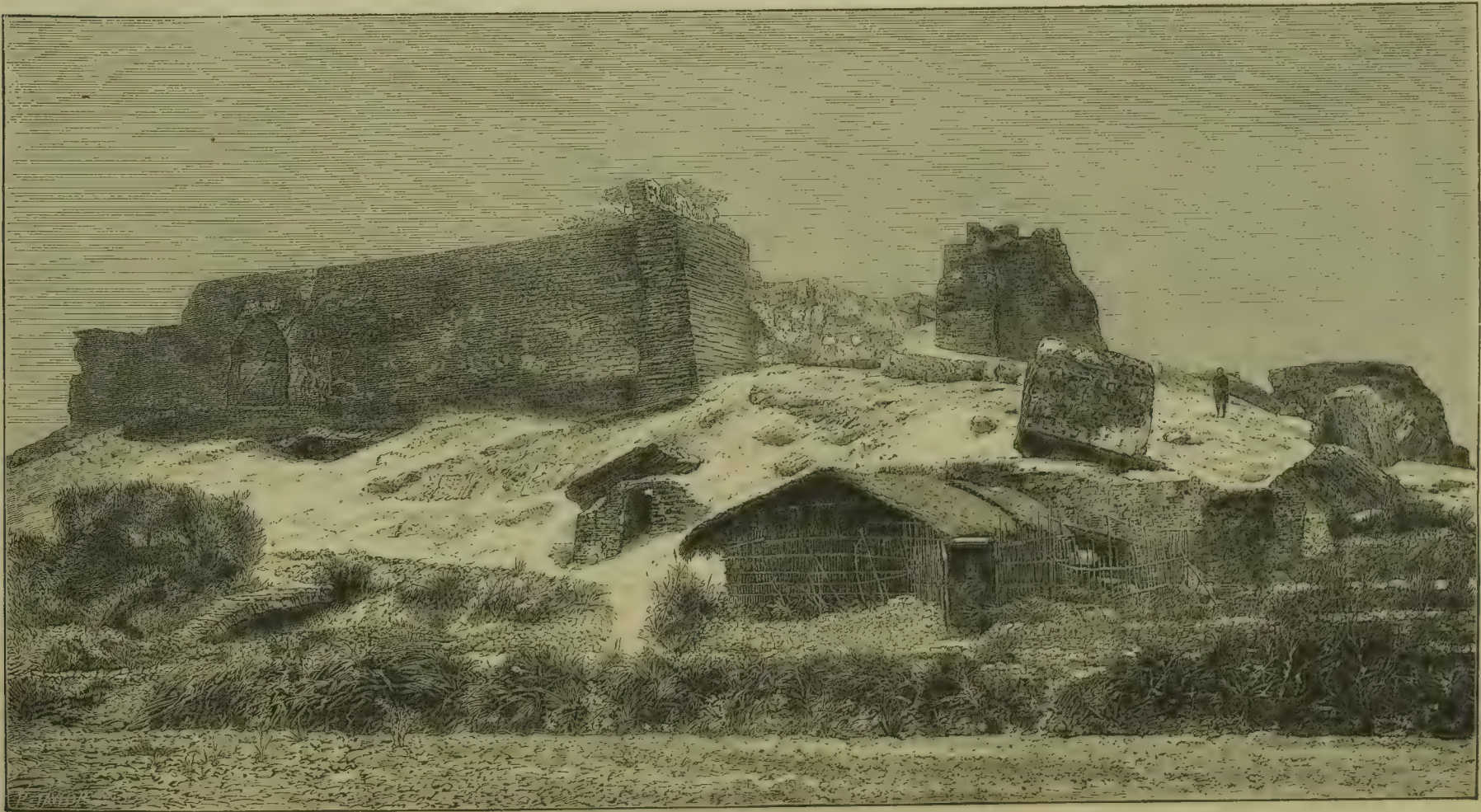
SYLVAN LANE AT TAI-WAN-FU.



PRAWN-FISHING.



SURF-RAFT ON THE COAST.



FORT OF ZELANDIA, BUILT BY EARLY DUTCH SETTLERS.



THE SOUDAN EXPEDITION: A POOL IN THE DESERT.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

After all the indifferent racing that has taken place of late, it will be quite a relief to get to Doncaster next week, where, in spite of the omission of the names of St. Simon and Duke of Richmond from the entries, and the unfortunate collapse of Busybody, there is every promise of a fairly interesting Leger. Brest and Conaglen are two of the latest additions to the "missing" list, and the field seems likely to be made up of Scot Free, Superba, The Lambkin, Harvester, Sir Reuben, Queen Adelaide, Hermitage, Corneille, Sandiway, and Cam-busmore, with two or three hopeless outsiders like Crim Tartar. We have not attempted to append jockeys to these, as, at the time of writing, a good deal of uncertainty exists on this point. Now that he is not required for any north-country candidate, John Osborne may be seen on the back of Scot Free, in place of Platt, who rode the colt so well in the Two Thousand. The Duke of Westminster will probably claim Archer for the better of his pair, in which case Wood may be intrusted with Superba; and it is understood that Cannon will have his choice of Jewitt's three, the general impression being that he will elect to take his chance with Sir Reuben. Looking at the previous performances of the various candidates, the race seems a fairly open one, though there can be no doubt that Scot Free is fully entitled to his position at the head of the quotations.

The heavy rain, which fell all over the country on Monday last, somewhat spoilt the prospects of what promised to be an unusually successful First of September; still, all things considered, some really excellent sport was enjoyed. Coveys were unusually large, and the birds were strong on the wing and remarkably free from any trace of disease; whilst, as harvest operations are in a far more advanced stage than usual, there was a very large amount of cover. Reports of good bags have come in from various parts of the country, and in many places partridges could be had for five shillings per brace, even on Monday night.

Last week the Australians gained a grand victory over a strong eleven of the South of England in a single innings, with 107 runs to spare. Nine of the team got into double figures, P. S. M'Donnell (66), W. L. Murdoch (59), and J. M'C. Blackham (not out, 58), doing most of the scoring; whilst Spofforth altogether took twelve wickets for 128 runs. Their opponents made a respectable show in the first innings, but, at their second attempt, collapsed in melancholy fashion, the entire side only getting 53 runs from the bat. As was pretty sure to be the case, Lancashire had an easy task against Somersetshire, the bowling of Watson, who took eleven wickets for 108 runs, being mainly instrumental to gaining a victory for his county by ten wickets. No large score was made on either side. The defeat of the South of England was amply avenged by the North, who beat the Australians by no less than 170 runs. In the first innings there was little or nothing to choose between the two sides, the scoring being very low; but, when everything seemed to be going against England, Barlow (101) and Flowers (90) gave a really magnificent display of batting, and entirely changed the aspect of the game. Too much praise cannot be awarded to them, for the wicket was most treacherous and difficult, as was proved by the fact that, at their second attempt, the Colonists were all got rid of for 76, Barlow doing further service to his side by taking six wickets.

ARCHERY SEASON PRIZES.

In several counties the Archery Societies are bringing their meetings for the year to a close, and distributing their challenge badges and season prizes. The *Standard* gives the following result:—

The Challenge Badge of the Anglesea Archers (Dorsetshire) has fallen to Miss E. Dendy, on a score of 697—two days' shooting, club rounds, six dozen arrows at 60 yards and three at 50 yards. Mrs. A. Boulderson (734) and Mr. Rogers have won the badges of the Fakenham and Dereham Club for the best aggregate of the season—three meetings, club rounds, four dozen at 60 and 50 yards, and also at 80 and 60 yards. The Challenge Prize of the Wakefield Ladies' Archery Society has been finally won by Mrs. Wilkin. The Challenge Prizes of the Worcestershire Society (ten dozen arrows at 60 yards—aggregate of two meetings) have been awarded to Mrs. Porter, 133 hits, 606 score, 15 golds; and Mr. E. W. Villiers, 174 hits, 846, 23 golds. The "Ancient Scorton Arrow," the 211th anniversary contest for which was held at Settle, Yorkshire, was won by Lieutenant-Colonel Burton (Royal Tophophilites). Among the "Archers of the Time," the Champion Silver Quiver has been obtained by Miss Evans (Swainhill), and the Champion Medal and Silver Cup by Mr. T. T. S. Metcalfe. The Challenge Medal of the West Somerset Club has been taken by Mrs. Marwood-Elton, with an aggregate score of 678; and the Rev. T. Crump retains the Gentleman's Medal, his total score being 671.

FORMOSA.

The large island of Formosa, a name given to it by the Portuguese, that of Tai-wan being its Chinese name, is separated from the mainland of China, the province of Fu-Kien, by a channel above one hundred miles wide. At the northern extremity of this island is the coaling port of Kelung, which was bombarded by the French squadron a few days before they attacked the arsenal and forts of Foo-chow, on the opposite mainland coast. The principal Chinese town on the island is Tai-wan-fu, on the western coast, where the Dutch had a commercial settlement in the seventeenth century. One of our Illustrations is that of Fort Zelandia, or "Castle Zealand," as it is called in the inscription yet legible over the gateway, built in 1630. It has been much damaged by earthquakes, as well as by time and neglect. The Dutch were driven out in 1661, after defending this fortress in a siege of ten months. The town has a population of 70,000, and is entirely Chinese, but as the port is only an exposed roadstead, maritime trade is under a disadvantage. It has, nevertheless, some exports of sugar, turmeric, sesamum, and other native produce, while the imports are of Chinese and European manufactured goods. Takow, another port farther south, has a better harbour, but is a much smaller town. The size of the whole island is about two hundred miles in length, from north to south, and sixty or seventy miles wide, but the interior is wild, forest-covered, and mountainous, and has not been well explored. The Chinese actual rule is confined to the west coast; all the eastern part is inhabited by savage tribes, most of them continually at war with the Chinese, and never yet subdued. Our Sketches include some figures of native women, belonging to the tamer tribes; the prawn-fishing traps on the shore; and one of the singular rafts, formed of bamboos lashed together, with a large tub in the middle to sit in, by which the surf-waves and heavy swell on this coast are safely traversed in landing or embarking from ships at anchor some distance off the shore.

The Ribble Committee of the Preston Corporation have accepted the tender of Mr. Thomas Walker, of Westminster, for the execution of the new river works at £456,000.

THE RECESS.

Southerners accustomed to hear unmoved Mr. Gladstone's most eloquent flights of oratory would have been astonished to witness the boisterous and demonstrative enthusiasm with which the Prime Minister was welcomed by his Midlothian constituents in Edinburgh on his arrival in the Scottish Capital on Wednesday week, and at the vast meetings which he addressed in the Corn Exchange on Saturday and Monday evenings, and at the Waverley Market on Tuesday. The last Midlothian Campaign of Mr. Gladstone has proved as successful as his first. The Premier proved that his unsurpassed powers of eloquence remain unimpaired by age and hard work. His magnificent voice held each enormous assemblage from first to last. His speeches were received with acclamation. He departed with the confidence of his constituents in him undiminished by one iota.

The Premier began his first speech in the Edinburgh Corn Exchange, on Saturday, with a richly-deserved eulogium of the Earl of Rosebery, his genial host, for his legislative labours on behalf of Scotland, none the less to be commended because the virtual rejection by the majority of the House of Lords of the County Franchise Bill had deprived Scotland of one or more good measures. The burden of Mr. Gladstone's initial speech was that the Government felt bound to take their stand by the Franchise Bill, which would be presented once again in the autumn Session to the House of Lords, in the hope that the majority would wisely reconsider the matter, and would consent to pass the measure. Mr. Gladstone found it necessary, of course, to vindicate the foreign policy of the Ministry; and this he did most brilliantly in Monday's address, which was at once a lively philippic against the belligerent course adopted by the late Government, which had left a heavy legacy of debt and difficulty, and had been mainly responsible for the consequent troubles in South Africa and in Egypt, the dispatch of Lord Northbrook and Lord Wolsley to Egypt being hopefully referred to. But the one distinguishing refrain which ran through all three speeches was the earnest appeal to the better judgment of the Conservative Peers. Last Saturday's Hatfield "picnic" to the contrary notwithstanding, it may still be hoped that the majority of the House of Lords will discover once more that discretion is the better part of valour, and will at the last moment accept the olive branch thus gracefully held out by Mr. Gladstone on Monday last:—

Let us hope that, without compulsion, without fear, without strain upon the Constitution, the admonition of the past may suffice, and that great assembly, calling back to life the glorious traditions of its remoter past, may take the course which will best tend to place it in close harmony with the affections of the nation, and to prolong its own existence for an honourable share, through ages yet to come, in the direction of the fortunes of this mighty Empire.

NOVELS.

Posthumous works are frequently very difficult to deal with for fear of appearing to take the opportunity of "kicking a dead lion;" but in the case of *Singleheart and Doubleface*, by Charles Reade, D.C.L. (Chatto and Windus), there is, fortunately, no place for any such fear, since there was seldom if ever a tale which gave less excuse for infringing the injunction "de mortuis nil nisi bonum." The story fills but one volume, and it is therefore not so long by two thirds as the stories with which the deceased author was wont to instruct and astonish and move and charm his readers, and, of course, it is not nearly so elaborate; but he rarely, if ever, wrote anything more powerful in parts, more sweet and tender in parts, more lifelike in parts, more droll in parts, more manly, wholesome, and readable altogether. The late novelist generally had a grievance which he wished to air, or a controversy which he desired to carry on, or a theory which he was anxious to propound, or an abuse which he was determined to show up, or an injustice which he endeavoured to get rectified; and in the novel under consideration it seems as if he had in his eye the legal position of married women and the intolerable servitude that must be endured by a married woman who finds too late that she is joined in holy matrimony with a moral skunk, and yet is too delicately and religiously constituted by nature to release herself by the only means of which she can avail herself. The tale should certainly be read, though the remedy which appears to be suggested in it may not command universal or even any but a very limited sympathy.

If it be the sign of a powerful novel not only to sustain the reader's attention but to enthrall it, then may *Lucia, Hugh, and Another*: by Mrs. J. H. Needell, 3 vols. (Blackwood and Sons), be pronounced a great success. It is a tale of character rather than of plot, and the interest rests entirely on the three characters mentioned in the title, "Another" being a certain Everard Deane, a man of intellectual tastes and strong affections, who, though she does not know it at first, holds Lucia's heart in his keeping after he has generously enabled her to marry Hugh. The circumstances under which the acquaintance with Deane is brought about form the weak part of the story; and Mr. Prescott, Lucia's father, might have been drawn by the veriest tyro in fiction. Mrs. Needell is no tyro, but she is on safer ground when depicting the passion of love in three totally different natures. Hugh, who had been Lucia's boy lover, is a handsome, honest naval officer with a violent temper, and a jealousy about his wife that brooks neither argument nor explanation. He discovers to his disgust that he is largely indebted to Everard, whom he hates; and when Lucia, with frank sincerity and trustfulness, confesses that she is in danger of loving Deane too well, instead of bringing her husband nearer to her, as she hoped, she makes what threatens to be an irreparable breach between them. The struggle of a wife to keep in the right path when her husband becomes brutal and her lover exercises all his fascination is described with much pathos. No doubt for the sake of the plot Lucia places herself more than once in a most perilous position, and almost justifies Hugh's boiling wrath; but the reader has never any fear that her purity will be dimmed in consequence. What he may be allowed to question is whether Mrs. Needell does well to present a man of Everard's type with such noble qualities, such disinterestedness, such power of sympathy, who at the same time, if Lucia had been weak enough to yield, would have snatched her from her husband at any cost. All our sympathy is demanded for Everard; while Hugh excites our dislike, and gnashes his teeth on every convenient opportunity, like a stage hero. Yet, though he cannot understand Lucia's difficulties and doubts, which probably few husbands would do, he confesses humbly enough at last that he has loved her through all. The writer has treated a difficult position with delicacy and skill, but, for all that, we do not like the position.

Our Portrait of the late Lord Ampthill is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

An exhibition representative of the industries of Gloucestershire and Somersetshire, with about 500 loan pictures of local and other artists, was opened at Bristol by Mr. Joseph Weston, the Mayor, on Tuesday afternoon. It is the largest of the kind ever held in the West of England, and is in aid of the funds of Bristol University College.

BOOKS ON CANADA.

The Montreal Congress of the British Association of Science gives particular interest just now to fresh descriptions of the grandest British colony, which lies but a few days' voyage westward across that Anglo-American sea, the North Atlantic. The late Governor-General, the Marquis of Lorne, has kindly written for the Religious Tract Society a compendious account of the whole Dominion of Canada, filling two hundred pages of a book entitled "Canadian Pictures," with a large number of wood-engravings. Lord Lorne, as well as his predecessor Lord Dufferin, travelled about a great deal, and saw all places, things, and persons of importance in British America, of which he gives a most favourable report, heartily rejoicing in the vast natural resources of the various provinces and territories, and in the healthy social and political conditions of their people. There is probably no country in the world of equal promise, on the whole, for English, Scottish, and Irish emigrants who are willing and able to work, and who wish to have their part in the growth of a self-governing community destined, without separation from their Old Home, to become great and prosperous, free from the economic difficulties of crowded European States. A glance at the large Map prefixed to this volume will show the extent and wonderfully advantageous position of Canada, that name being now understood to comprise all between the Atlantic and the Pacific; the shores of the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, and north of Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Superior, a magnificent water-way into the very middle of the American Continent at its greatest breadth; the fertile plains of Manitoba and the North-west Territories, with the great rivers flowing into Hudson's Bay; and thirdly, the Province of British Columbia and Vancouver Island, possessing mineral wealth and a maritime situation that only need time and labour for a profitable development. The Canadian Pacific Railway, to be completed within three or four years, having already reached the foot of the Rocky Mountains, will bind together all these lands of the Dominion federally united, on equal proportionate terms, by the Government at Ottawa, and loyally attached to the British Crown, while enjoying the privileges of freedom quite as fully as the States of the neighbouring Republic. The collective population is already rather more than that of Scotland, though not yet equal to that of Ireland; but there is every reason to believe that it will, at some date in the next century, be increased so as to equal the present population of the United States, and to far exceed the present census of the United Kingdom. This is a grand and inspiring prospect; and Lord Lorne's well-written description of the Dominion and its most important parts—of its geographical divisions, physical conditions, political history and institutions, and official relations to England—of the Maritime Provinces, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, with the islands of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; of Quebec, the old French Province, and Ontario, which is purely British; of Winnipeg and Manitoba, and the newly-settled plains beyond; finally, of the far-west highlands and the large island on the Pacific coast—will be found worthy of perusal. From fifty thousand to a hundred thousand immigrants are now yearly pouring into Canada, mostly from our own country, to make their homes there and to create a branch of our nation which is likely to attain considerable strength in the lifetime of those whom we see going out, and who will not be so much removed from us by distance as those in the Australian Colonies. The subject, therefore, which Lord Lorne has so ably treated, in this opportune contribution to the useful productions of the Religious Tract Society, is one deserving of every Englishman's attention; and his Lordship has performed the task in a very agreeable and instructive manner.

"A Handbook for the Dominion of Canada," published by Messrs. Dawson, Brothers, of Montreal, has been specially prepared for the use of visitors at the meeting of the British Association, at the request of the local Reception Committee in that city. It is edited and mostly written by Mr. S. E. Dawson, one of the Local Secretaries, but some of the chapters, treating of geology, botany, and natural history, are by different colonial scientific men. The statistics of the Dominion are sufficiently given, and with greater precision, to the most recent date, than in any publication of the kind which has appeared in London. The more detailed and minute topography here presented is that of the older Provinces, formerly called Lower and Upper Canada, besides Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island; the cities of Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, and Toronto are particularly described; and the different railway lines, the Grand Trunk with its many ramifications, and the Intercolonial Railway from Halifax to the St. Lawrence, are traced in their course through these Provinces. We should think this volume a most convenient pocket companion for travellers who do not intend to go to the Far West.

Mr. Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., the able engineer of the Intercolonial Railway and one of the earliest pioneers of Canadian Government surveys for the Great Continental Line, in which surveying operations he was engaged from 1871 to 1880, is the author of a pleasant volume called "England and Canada," published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. It relates his personal observations "in a summer tour between Old and New Westminster"; as he had been in England on a visit, and went out again in July (last year, or the year before), and then started on a journey across the Continent to British Columbia, where there is an infant town bearing the name of New Westminster, of which some of our readers may have heard. His intimate knowledge of Colonial affairs, and of persons who take an active part in Colonial society, gives value to many of his remarks. We are struck by his arguments in favour of constructing a bridge over the St. Lawrence at Quebec, to bring Halifax, the winter port of Canada, into more direct railway connection with Ottawa and the Canadian Pacific line.

Her Majesty has graciously given £100 to the funds of King's College Hospital.

In distributing the prizes at Birnam to the winners of the Birnam Highland games on Friday, Lady John Manners said, "We have all much pleasure in bearing our testimony to the skill and agility displayed by the competitors."

Captain Thomas Anlot, of the British steamer *Mentmore*, has been awarded by the President of the United States a gold watch and chain, for his services in rescuing the crew of the shipwrecked American schooner *Jacob Keinze*, on Feb. 29.

The deaths are announced of the Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry; the Dowager Lady Seafeld; Sir Robert Torrens, formerly Chief Secretary and Registrar-General of South Australia; and Mr. Joseph Livesey, of Preston, the founder of teetotalism, who had passed his ninetieth birthday.

Mr. Alfred Nixon, captain of the London Tricycle Club, who recently rode from Land's End to John o' Groat's, has succeeded in riding from London to Edinburgh under three days. Mr. Nixon left Holborn Viaduct at 2.15 p.m. on Aug. 28, and reached Milne's Hotel, Edinburgh, at 1.15 p.m. on the 31st. The distance is 396 miles, giving a daily average of 132 miles. The machine used was a Central-gear Imperial Club.

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DRAWN BY HAL LUDLOW.

They carried the corpse up the few crazy steps leading into the room in the roof where Derrick slept.

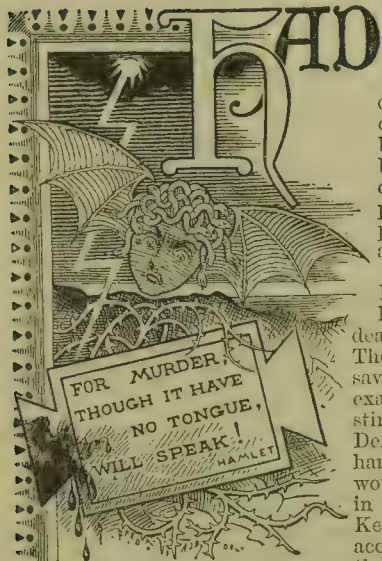
ROPES OF SAND.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGE WATERS," "OLYMPIA," "A REAL QUEEN," &C.

CHAPTER XVII.

"LEAVE ILL ALONE."



Stoke Juliot owned a physician or surgeon, he would have been useless. Derrick was dead: and anybody could see how. He had been shot through the brain. Nor did it require a magician to point to the notorious poacher of Base Wood as his murderer.

It was so natural, as Francis Carew, while keeping watch over the dead body, had to own. The poacher was clearly a savage, while no doubt the example of Mr. Davis had stirred up the ambition of Derrick to have the first hand in the capture. There would be a sort of shame in letting the man from Kent crow over the Hornacombe keeper. No doubt there had been a meeting,

and an affray: then a murder: and Francis felt a pang through his own conscience when he had to remember that, had it not been for him, the savage would have been unarmed.

Having guided Miss Openshaw from that fatal wood, and sent her to seek for help, he returned to the beech and kept guard over his servant's corpse till Davis arrived, thinking meanwhile of poor Nance once more. How would she bear it? She was impassive, he knew; silent, and slow; but even he knew well enough that she was anything but cold, and that her father was all she had to care for in that little world of theirs. How small and petty all feelings about all living things and creatures, even his own, seemed beside the dead cause of a great and crushing sorrow against which all human will must needs be in vain! He had never seen death before, except when his own mother had died: and she had died old and at peace in her bed, simply fulfilling the last function of nature. But it was against nature that a strong man should be struck down in the noon and fulness of his strength, while the weak girl who leaned upon him was left to live on.

At last Mr. Davis came. "A bad business this—Squire," said he, roughly. "Poor chap: he'll never pull trigger no more. Whose day's work do you call this here?"

"Cowcumber Jack's," said Francis, "I'm afraid. I'm glad you've come: as this is Sir Miles Heron's land. Poor Derrick's just where I found him: except that he was lying on his face, and that I've closed his eyes. Poor fellow—and poor Nance. Now you've seen him, we must get him to his own cottage. How can we best carry him?"

"So they call this Jack 'Cowcumber,' do they, because he's cool. 'Iceicle Jack,' I should say. . . . Oh, I know how to carry a corpse well enough. We've had jobs like this in Wrenshaw Park afore now. There was three hanged last time. You'll choose to take the feet, I suppose?"

"No. I'll take the body. He was my servant: and died in my service—there. I'm ready now."

"'Iceicle Jack,' indeed!" muttered Mr. Davis, at the sight of such unparalleled coolness on the part of a murderer. "There never was Cowcumber nor Iceicle as cool as *that* hand, nor never will be till the day o' doom—nor then." Yet, even while he shivered, he admired.

Francis was anything but deficient in his own sort of courage: but his heart failed him when, after a heavy tramp through the woods and across the dunes, terrible enough to give one a nightmare a week for years, he reached the door of the dead man's cottage, and knew that he had to enter bearing such a burden. To his infinite relief, the kitchen was empty of all but Mabel Openshaw, who, as they entered, turned away her eyes.

They carried the corpse up the few crazy steps leading into the room in the roof where Derrick slept, laid it on his mattress, and covered it with a sheet. Mr. Davis remained up stairs: Francis returned to the kitchen.

"Nance knows?" asked he, almost in a whisper.

Mabel had plainly been weeping, and was now almost hysterical. It was her first experience of anything in the shape of grief or pain. "Yes—she knows. I'm afraid she knew too soon. Oh, how dreadful it all is! And I don't understand—she has not shed a single tear. What does it mean?"

"God knows, dear. But this is no place for you. Let me take you home."

"Oh, yes—home: let us go home."

It was indeed a tragedy: and yet Francis found his first comfort that day during the walk back to the Vicarage. Mabel was distressed beyond measure, apparently by what had taken place between her and Nance: she forgot to coquet, and Francis felt that she was sincerely looking to him for support and protection.

"Then—this is a Murder?" asked she at last.

"It is, indeed."

"And by the very man I came into the woods to see!"

"I'm afraid so." He could not help putting it in that way; though surely it was better that savage of the woods

should be the criminal than any man who had others than himself to live for.

"What will be done with him?"

"He will have to be caught, now, and he shall, if it costs me all I am worth in the world. Derrick was my own servant, and then that poor girl, she *does* feel. You bade me show you that man, and I will. He will be brought before Mr. Pengold, who will send him to be tried at Exeter. And then he will be found guilty, and hanged."

"I will never see him. I could not bear it, now. It all makes me feel as if I were somehow mixed in it—I am not, am I?"

"You, Mabel? What an idea! Then what must I feel, who gave him the gun?"

"Because of Me. I am not a good girl, I told you I'm not, and it's true. I don't believe I know how to feel. Nance Derrick does; and it is terrible to see. Ought one to feel like that? I could not, if all the world was to die."

"Like what, Mabel?"

"She knows who killed her father—that keeper had told her. And all she said was, 'Blood for blood': and in such a way: it terrified me: it made me turn cold. They are terrible people here: Mr. Pengold always says it, and it is true. Mr. Carew—Nance Derrick, the witch, is the most terrible of them all. . . . I do believe in witches. I saw the curse in Nance Derrick's eyes."

"You are frightened, dear; and no wonder. And *you* not feel? You are feeling only too much; you mustn't think so much of a risk that every man runs every day. Anybody may die any day, in a duel, a battle, a shipwreck, all sorts of ways; and Derrick died doing his duty, mind: that must be put on his tomb. And *you* not good? I only hope you'll never be better, until I'm half good enough for you as you are."

That was his only word of love-making all that day.

Having led her safely to the Vicarage, he had a long interview with Parson Pengold. The Parson took the news in his own way; that is to say, altogether unlike any other man's. Instead of beginning with horror and ending with those consolations so easily afforded by the combination of philosophy with absence of personal concern, he began with the philosophy, and concluded with a tirade against the game laws on entirely original grounds. "We must all die at last—that's one thing to be thankful for," said he. "It's the one satisfaction, beyond the Greek, and of course the Hebrew, there is in having been born. Poor fellow—poor fellow! It's something to know there was one man in Stoke Juliot with brains enough for a bullet to find. All the more pity he's gone. But it all comes of the law. If there was no law against poaching, there'd be no poachers; if there were no poachers, there'd be no killing keepers; if there were no killing keepers, a parson with the ill-luck to be a justice would be able to live in peace—what time have I for murders, pray, with my sermons to write, and

my pigs to feed, and my red cow ailing again—with my servant quitting and the farmers all behindhand with their lawful dues? Gamelaws! Let them pass an Act, short and sharp, for the better recovery of tithe-pigs. Take a wise man's advice, my friend. Hang Cowcumber Jack. I mean don't hang him. Leave ill alone. Don't bother me with such things. If you want to hang every man in Stoke Juliot, begin with the farmers; but if you don't want to be the only living soul left in the parish, let 'em be. *Paullo majora canamus.* Has Mabel named the day?"

"No."

"Then why the—why haven't you? Well, then; I'll name it myself, that's all. You're not half a lover, my lad. Come to me to-morrow morning—and I'll have had it out with Mabel, and I'll put up the banns next Sunday, whatever she may say. Don't meddle with Jack Cowcumber, or any other scoundrel, unless you want a hornet's nest about your ears. Stoke Juliot's Stoke Juliot. When you're a year or two older, you'll know what that means. *Camarinam ne moveas*: let sleeping dogs lie. Ride over to Barnstaple, and buy the magic ring."

Nevertheless Francis was unmoved from his purpose of bringing to condign punishment the murderer of Nance Derrick's father. He did know enough of Stoke Juliot to be perfectly aware that all the sympathies of the place would be stirred in favour of any man who vindicated the public rights of liberty against law, and that his alliance with the keeper from Kent would render him a public enemy. Revenue officers had been put out of the way since Horneck's time, yet justice had never been done upon those who were regarded as anything but murderers. It was a new thing to kill a keeper; but that was only because it had been a new thing for a keeper to interfere with a poacher. So it behoved Francis to proceed with infinite care. Otherwise, the murderer would assuredly escape, finding in every human being in Stoke Juliot a friend and helper. The parish had its constable, it is true; but that functionary was perfectly well known to be the principal owner of a fishing-smack which fished for kegs so far off as the Scillies, and even as Guernsey, where the home duties did not run; and so was especially interested in leaving Camarina undisturbed. As for calling in the authority of the county, he might as well commission a lion to catch an eel at the bottom of a pond.

He went straight home to think things out in quiet; for once finding something to think over apart from Mabel. Though even thus he never gave a real thought of how Nance was doomed to watch all through the night, with no company but her dead father and her own thoughts of desolation and revenge. Her heart had need to turn away from its own bitterness; and to seek refuge from wormwood in gall.

And there, through it all, sat Captain Quickset, eternally smiling over his eternal pack of cards, waiting for dinner, or supper, or whatever Mrs. Drax might choose to call the next monotonous and wearisome meal, just as if he had never been snubbed or shaken. Francis never felt such an intense desire to shake this extraordinary specimen of a guest out of the window as now. Hospitality may be sacred; but even sacred duties have their bounds.

"Frank," said the Captain, at last breaking silence, "it begins to strike me that this sprain of mine is getting well. In short, if I stay here any longer—delightful as these quarters are—they'll be raising the hue and cry for a man who, though I say it, can't well be spared. Between you and me, I'm positively in terror over the heap of letters waiting me. Women will write, you know; and they have a way of expecting an answer that's flattering, and all that, but mightily tiresome to fingers more used to the sword than the pen. Bless you, Frank, to think Richard Quickset needs to spoil a friend's sport with village beauties, for want of better of his own! You want to be quit of me, of course—'tis but natural; for a red coat does play the very devil with the poor fools; they can't help it, on my life and soul."

"Yes," said Francis, "I do. I've things to mind that make a cow—a soldier of your sort, best out of the way. You can ride the grey mare to Barnstaple, and leave her at the inn. I shall have business there before long; and they'll know my name."

"That will suit my book famously. Of course I don't like to trouble you, but you see I'm out of the way of my bankers, and I didn't leave town for so long a stay. And we mayn't meet again. So perhaps it will be best if we settle up accounts to-night, and then we shall be clear of one another in the morning."

"Accounts? Do you mean fighting? In that case—here I am."

"You are an absurd creature, Frank; on my life and soul you are. As if I'd risk your life, and make myself a laughing-stock for the rest of my days, about a parson's girl or a milk-maid. I don't even know about which it would be. I, who have fought with an Earl about a Duchess.—Bah! No, no; I mean our accounts as between two men of sense and reason—the little balance on the cards."

"Do I owe you anything still?"

"A mere bag o' tails, Frank—nothing more. Such a trifle I'm downright ashamed to ask you for it, on my life and soul. If it wasn't that a man can't travel with empty pockets, I wouldn't mention it at all; and if it's inconvenient—"

"Of course it's convenient," said Francis. "I'm not going to let you go, owing you a shilling. How much is it? You shall have the money now."

"Here's the account—Carew Debtor to Quickset; Quickset Debtor to Carew. Of course you'll check the items; but I don't think you'll find anything wrong."

"What!" exclaimed Francis, after a glance at the paper. "You mean to say I owe you all this—nine hundred and ninety-eight pounds!"

"And eleven shillings. Nine hundred and fifty-one guineas, to a T. The fortune of war, Frank—the fortune of war. A mere fleabite, after all. I've played at tables where twice the money has changed hands in half an hour. I've lost more myself on a single shake of the bones. It would have been more, only you had such cursed good luck that last night we played; there was positively nothing your cards didn't do."

Francis examined the paper in silence—not because he in the least doubted its good faith, or because he hoped to diminish the figures by looking at them, much less because he had the least intention of postponing full payment, but because he really did not see how the money was to be raised by to-morrow morning.

"You don't like it?" asked Captain Quickset, in a tone so full of condescension as to amount, in the ears of Francis, to a sneer. "Well—perhaps it mayn't seem such a trifle to you as it does to me. Of course there are people who think a guinea too much to lose. I'll tell you what we'll do. I'll take the odd fifty-one guineas to carry me to town, and we'll play double or quits for the odd nine hundred—the best two hands out of three, or the best three out of five."

"No," Francis despised the man, but none the less felt the sneer. "I'll pay what I owe. I haven't the money in the house, or anywhere to lay my hands on without trouble. But it shall be done somehow, even if you have to stay here another day."

"Oh, there's no trouble," said the Captain. "Your lawyer in Barnstaple has got your title-deeds, hasn't he? Yes; you once told me so. They're good security. Give me a bill on yourself at three months for the lot, with an extra—let me see—yes; an extra twelve guineas to cover the discount, and he'll let me have it like a bird, and you can mortgage an acre or two to meet the bill. Why, it's just the simplest thing in the world."

"That would do, of course. But I don't know how to draw a bill."

"Frank—I have seen strange things in my time. But the strangest thing I ever saw in my life I shall never tell of; because I object to being given the lie. Not even to Joe Norris, who knows me for the soul of truth, will I whisper such a wonder as a country gentleman who doesn't know how a bill's drawn. I should sleep that night in Bedlam. And yet I've seen it with my own eyes."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"WHY—ROPES OF SAND."

If Nance Derrick passed a night such as one scarcely dares so much as think of, Mabel also spent by no means a happy one. Indeed, it is a very open question as to whether on the whole she did not suffer the more sharply of the two. Nance was crushed and numbed—the one reality of her life had followed her dreams, so that she had only her own crushed self left to live for. I doubt if under such conditions a sufferer can be rightly said to feel, any more than one who is stunned. But Mabel's troubles were of another kind, and affected another nature. For she was being tortured in the worst of ways for her comfort-loving and sensitive temper: and a thousand needle-pricks, though they go scarce skin-deep, give more exquisite pain than one blow that paralyses the nerves. Her parting from the Captain that day had been terribly like a quarrel: her nerves had been made doubly sensitive by the sight of blood, death, and despair: and now, just when she had escaped into the familiar safety of her own bower, the very demon of tactlessness urged Parson Pengold to choose that very moment for urging the suit of her lawful lover.

Had it been his object to make her loathe the very name of Francis Carew, the attack could not have been better timed. Had she been simply left alone, it was quite on the cards that she might have come to choose the better man of her own accord—at any rate, have hesitated so long before choosing the worse that the chances of the two men would have become equal. As things turned out, thanks to the Parson, the stars in their courses fought in favour of Caleb Quickset and dead against Francis Carew.

There is neither occasion, nor space, to tell how by means of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew; of logic and philosophy; of social, political, and natural history; of theology, ethics, expediency, and self-interest, Parson Pengold exhorted his ward to her bounden duty and her clear advantage of accepting Francis Carew with a plain "Yes," and of naming the day, so that he might put up the banns. Though he had reason fully on his side, he argued as exhaustively as if he were an advocate desperately bolstering up a bad cause. She had no answer to give him: so he supplied her with answers, and then knocked them down. Francis's praises were sung till they became nauseous: Captain Quickset was run down till his portrait became an impossible caricature, and till Mabel's heart was provoked to rebellion in his cause. In short, the Parson, like many another man of learning, proved himself an arrant fool.

However, he let her see one thing quite clearly—that, without some bold stroke, marriage with Francis Carew was her doom. She had no tolerable excuse for saying "No": and own to her secret engagement, or understanding, or whatever it was, with Captain Quickset, she did not dare, for his own sake as well as for her own.

Two nearly sleepless nights were bad for the nerves of one who had hitherto never known what such things mean: and she was looking really ill, and feeling so, when next morning came; and, for once, found her glad to rise. She felt hunted, and her head ached; and altogether felt that there are better parts to play than that of a heroine, after all.

The Parson had just come in from his yard, and was demolishing cold bacon and ale with the enjoyment of a ploughman who had gone to bed wholly sober the night before. He nodded his head as jovially as if all the farmers of Stoke Juliot had been hanged.

"I believe I shan't be worried about poor Derrick after all," said he. "I've been talking over the evidence, with the pigs, and I've made up my mind to refuse a warrant even if one's asked for. Nobody saw or heard a shot—that's quite clear: and if one was to hang every dog because he's got a bad name—any way, I've made up my mind. I suppose I ought to go and see the lass, be she witch or no. I'd go this morning, if 'twasn't for the red cow, and if I hadn't my confounded sermon to write, and twenty things to do at home. I'll go to-morrow; I shall have time then. *Sat cito, si sat bene.* By-the-way, young woman, I caught Tamzin this morning trying to hide a letter under her gown—a pretty thing to be going on under my very eyes: I wasn't going to stand that, so I read it, every word. Oho! So it has come to secret corresponding under the nose of the old gentleman—eh?—Dear Mabel: To-morrow at the steeple. I am starting for Barnstaple, and must see you before going.—'Must'? I should think he must, indeed. And to Barnstaple? I can give a good guess what fairing he'll bring home. So the lad don't want the Parson to do the love-making for him, after all. You are a puss, Mabel. There—take your letter: and don't look like a sunset at midsummer. Go and meet him. Fancy my preaching for hours last night when 'twas settled betwixt you all the time. Give me a kiss. You're a good lass: and I'm a happy man. And the red cow's better than ever I thought to see her again."

She took the letter—it was in Quickset's new familiar hand, the hand which had hidden the first billet-doux among the dahlias; but, happily, unsigned. That stroke of luck was so great that she had neither the heart nor the courage to overthrow the Parson's belief that it was an assignment on the part of Francis Carew. What an escape it had been!

Captain Quickset was indeed being fought for by all the stars in the sky.

No time had been named for the meeting: which might have told the Parson that matters were further advanced than even he supposed. While poor Nance was sitting with her dead, neglected and deserted by all the world, she who stood in the place of the Vicar's daughter went down to the sands, well nigh within sight of the cottage, full only of her own troubles. And, after all, who can possibly have trouble equal to one's own? And there stood Quickset himself, already before her—the interview must be urgent indeed to bring the beau so punctually abroad into the growingly bitter air.

"Ah—Mabel!" exclaimed he, coming forward to meet her. "Things have come to a crisis: and a sharp one. I'm not like I was yesterday, to throw down and pick up again. To-day, I'm to take, or to leave. Which is it to be?"

"Caleb! Don't speak like that—when I'm in such trouble I don't know what to do, or where to turn. They have settled it all between them—Mr. Pengold, and that Mr.

Carew. He is going to buy the ring to-day—I was told so only last night—and I am to be asked in church next Sunday. And if you can think of nothing—Caleb! Why did you let me go into the wood yesterday with that man?"

"He asked you to marry him, of course?"

"No, indeed. He thinks it enough to have asked Mr. Pengold. That's a thing with which I have no sort of concern."

"If he had, I'd have—but, as he hasn't, never mind. Don't you see that I couldn't possibly interfere? It was as much as I could do to keep from knocking his thick skull from his shoulders for his insolence; but I couldn't, without compromising you. That was the only thing that saved his bones, upon my life and soul. . . . But the crisis. The long and the short of it is, I must fly."

"Fly! and while I"—

"Yes. The bloodhounds are after me. You remember Davis: the man who took up the Squire for drunk and incapable? He's supposed to be down here for Sir Miles Heron. He's down for nothing of the kind. What Sir Miles has got to do with it, 's too long a story; but he's a friend of the Marquis, and that's but one wheel within the machine. I know that man Davis for a Bow-street runner, as sure as I love you! and"—

"A Bow-street runner? What is?"

"Bless my life and soul if I can find out anything they do know down here! Why, a runner is a rascal from Bow-street: and Bow-street is where the runners come from. They've tracked me out, Mabel. I've been here too long: and I must go. What's worse? Scotland's no good now."

"And you—you leave me to be the wife of this man!"

"No. I would sooner see you die at my feet. That is why I had to see you. You must swear to me that never, whatever happens, will you be the wife of Francis Carew."

"I thought"—she began, in a bitter tone: but paused. She believed in her lover's peril: but it seemed nevertheless as if he were thinking more of his own safety than of her own need. It did not make her care for him the less—selfishness never lessens love: but, after having been implored to elope, it was a cold and tame proposal that she should be left behind, with nothing but a vow to guard her. "I can swear nothing, Caleb," she said, less bitterly but more sadly. "Mr. Pengold is determined. I cannot fly in his face. And you will be gone: but Mr. Carew will be here."

"You misunderstand me, my darling, you do, upon my life and soul." His arm crept round her waist, and he kissed her cheek tenderly. "I shall come back, never fear; only do as I tell you, and keep a good watch every night between eleven and one. I've got plenty of money for everything. I've arranged to have a thousand guineas waiting for me at Barnstaple, in safe hands, this very day; and there'll always be plenty more. Only it mayn't be for some time"—

"For how long?"

"That depends on a hundred things. It might be a month."

"A month! And next Sunday?"

"Well, Mabel—what then?"

"I am to be called in church. And Mr. Carew is gone to buy the ring. I hate him—oh, how I do hate him! But I shall have to marry him. He is a strong man—I think very nearly as strong as you; and he will have his way as surely as"—

"As you love me? Ah, but there are two words to that bargain, Mabel. Am I going to let you be dragged to the altar, a victim, by a drunken hedge-parson and a ruffianly bumpkin, while Caleb Quickset, officer and gentleman, has two arms to his shoulders, and the clearest head in the British Army between 'em? Perish the thought, as the play says; perish it, upon my life and soul. Of course you'll find it a hard battle without me to support you—though love himself is his own shield and sword, as the play says again. But can't you put the thing off? Any woman can put off things. Gad, I've known a woman put off her own hair. But, seriously, would you swear to wait for the rattle on the window-pane if my numskull of a rival were out of the way?"

"Ah, if he only were!"

"Then send him out of it, Mabel. Any woman can send any man out of anything—out of his wits, even, if he's got any. Let me see. You told me one day that nursery tale of old Horner—Horny—Horneck—what's-his-name. Do the trick yourself. Give Squire Carew something to do that'll take him some time."

"I've tried it already, Calèb. I told him to find me Cowcumber Jack, because everybody said it couldn't be done. He did it the next day. It was only that—that horrible death—that prevented my seeing the man within twelve hours of my bidding."

"Tell him something harder, then. Let me see—tell him you'll never marry anybody under a Captain."

"Then he would be a Captain, somehow. He would buy himself a company, if he had to sell all his land. He means to have me, Caleb: and it's that makes me afraid."

"Lord Chief Justice, then: or Admiral of the Fleet: or Corn-cutter to the King."

"You may laugh, Caleb. I can't laugh. I know this: that whatever I bade him do, he would do, sooner than any other man would think about beginning. And I should have to abide by my word."

Captain Quickset fully appreciated the advantage that the lover who commands has over the lover who obeys. Yet he scarcely cared to hear what, though spoken of the man she hated, seemed dangerously like an admiring recognition of invincible power.

"Then remember the end of the story," said he. "If you can't give him something that would beat a man, give him something that would beat the devil."

"If there were anything in the world"—

"Set him to spin Ropes of Sand."

"Ropes of Sand!" mused Mabel. "What are they?"

"Why—Ropes of Sand," said the Captain, "are just—Ropes of Sand. Fancy a woman asking such a question of a man!"

(To be continued.)

It is proposed to confer the freedom of Aberdeen on the Earl of Rosebery on the occasion of his visiting that city to deliver an address at the Trades' Congress on the 10th inst.

The extension of the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool being now complete, the whole of the galleries were opened on Monday. In addition to the usual autumn exhibition, the following societies occupy separate galleries, which have been assigned to them:—The Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, the Royal Hibernian Academy, the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours, the Dudley Gallery Art Society, the Society of Painter-Etchers, the Liverpool Academy the Directors of the Grosvenor Gallery.—A letter has been received by the Mayor of Liverpool from Sir A. B. Walker, offering to defray the entire cost of the additions made by the Corporation to the Walker Art Gallery, at a cost of £12,000. The original offer of Sir A. B. Walker, for the establishment of the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool, was £20,000, but the generous donor expended £32,500.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 23, 1878) of Dame Emily Mills, late of No. 36, Charles-street, Berkeley-square, and of Hillingdon Court, Uxbridge, who died on April 22 last, has been proved by Sir Charles Henry Mills, Bart., M.P., the son, and the Hon. Francis Johnstone, the grandson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £41,000. The testatrix makes specific bequests of jewellery, furniture, &c., to her son, daughters, and other members of her family; and gives pecuniary legacies to her executor Mr. Johnstone, servants, and others. The residue of her estate she leaves, upon trust, for her daughter the Hon. Mrs. Eleanor Duncombe, for life, and then for her issue as she shall appoint.

The will (dated March 15, 1880) of Madame Louise Eugénie Pauline Odart De Rilly, Marquise d'Oysonville, formerly of Lannay Baffert, Commune of Chavaignes, Canton of Noyant, but late of No. 30, Rue de Londres, Paris, who died on March 16 last, was proved in London on the 1st ult. by Charles Denouille, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to over £15,000. Subject to some legacies, the testatrix appoints her nephew, Henri, Marquis d'Oysonville, universal legatee.

The will (dated July 15, 1872) of Mr. John Black Leishman, late of Birkby House, Bickley Park, Bromley, Kent, who died on July 20 last, was proved on the 11th ult. by Mrs. Mary Ann Madeline Leishman, the widow, Edward Ford Duncanson, and John Inglis, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £103,000. The testator bequeaths all his plate, household furniture, pictures, books, wines, and effects to his wife; and £100 to his executor Mr. Inglis. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one third between his daughters, Mrs. Mary Ann Duncanson and Miss Elizabeth Leishman; and the other two thirds, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then in equal moieties for his said two daughters.

The will (dated Jan. 30, 1882) of Mr. Reuben Levy, formerly of No. 18, Bayswater-terrace, Bayswater, but late of No. 143, King's-road, Brighton, who died on June 7 last, was proved on the 9th ult. by James Levy Hart, the brother, and Lewis Emanuel, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £77,000. The testator, after bequeathing £100 to his executor Mr. Emanuel, free of duty, leaves one third of the residue of his real and personal estate to his said brother, James Levy Hart; one third to his sister, Mrs. Rebecca Jessell; one sixth to his niece, Mrs. Mary Hamilton; and one sixth to his nephew, Ernest Jessell.

The will (dated Dec. 8, 1880) of Mr. Percy Mitford, J.P., late of No. 48, Park-street, Grosvenor-square, who died on June 27 last, was proved on the 6th ult. by the Hon. Mrs. Emily Marion Mitford, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £41,000. The testator gives, devises, appoints, and bequeaths all his property of whatever kind to his wife for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated Dec. 9, 1881) of Mr. Alfred Hudson Shadwell, one of the Taxing Masters in Chancery, late of No. 1, Harrington-gardens, South Kensington, who died on May 31 last, was proved on July 26 by Thomas Lloyd Murray Browne and Maurice Otho Fitzgerald, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £35,000. The testator bequeaths the silver-gilt cup presented to his grandfather by a former Duke of Northumberland to his nephew, Charles Lancelot Shadwell; and £200 to each of his executors. All his real estate, and the residue of the personalty, he leaves to, or upon trust for, his daughter, Mrs. Mary Campbell.

The will (dated Jan. 6, 1868) of Mr. William Henry Dalton, formerly of No. 28, Cockspur-street, publisher and bookseller, but late of No. 30, Coleherne-road, West Brompton, who died on June 23 last, has been proved by the Rev. William Henry Dalton and Rowland Neale Dalton, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £30,000. The testator bequeaths £100 and his residence, with the furniture and effects, to his wife, Mrs. Martha Dalton; and nineteen guineas each to his brothers and sister for the purchase of rings. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his two sons.

The will (dated June 14, 1884) of the Rev. Thomas William Baxter Aveling, D.D., late of No. 208, Amherst-road, Hackney, who died on July 3 last at Reedham, was proved on the 12th inst. by Thomas Goodall Aveling and Charles Taylor Aveling, M.D., the sons, and the Rev. Arthur Firmin Joscelyne, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £8000. With the exception of a complimentary legacy to his executor Mr. Joscelyne, the provisions of the will are wholly in favour of testator's wife, children, and grandchildren.

THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.

The annual report for 1883 of Colonel Henderson, Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis, states that the authorised strength of the force on Dec. 31 last was 25 superintendents, 611 inspectors, 1036 sergeants, and 10,950 constables. During the year 21,110 houses were built, forming 361 new streets and one new square, covering a distance of 56 miles and 84 yards. There were 212 police officers commended by or received pecuniary rewards from judges and magistrates, and 1041 were rewarded by the Commissioner. Assaults on the police numbered 2776. There were 79,373 offences for which arrests were made. There was an increase of drunk and disorderly persons, and a slight increase of cases of mere drunkenness. It is, however, stated that the police do not now arrest for simple drunkenness. There was a considerable decrease in the number of felonies, including burglaries. Directions have been given to issue revolvers to such of the police employed on night duty in the exterior districts as are desirous of having them, and they have been instructed in their use. Double patrols have also been established wherever practicable in lonely and retired districts.

At the annual examination for prizes offered by the Society of Apothecaries, the first, a gold medal, was awarded to Mr. John Henry Garrett, of University College, and the second, a silver medal and books, to Mr. Henry Hamilton, of the Bristol School of Medicine.

The council of the Society of Arts are trustees of £400, presented to them by the Owen Jones memorial committee, the balance of the subscriptions to that fund (upon trust), to expend the interest thereof in prizes to "students of the schools of art who in annual competition produce the best designs for household furniture, carpets, wall-paper and hangings, damasks, chintzes, &c., regulated by the principles laid down by Owen Jones;" the prizes to "consist of a bound copy of Owen Jones's 'Principles of Design,' a bronze medal, and such sums of money as the fund admits of." The prizes will be awarded on the results of the annual competition of the Science and Art Department. Competing designs must be marked "In competition for the Owen Jones Prizes." The next award will be made in 1885, when six prizes are offered for competition.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

F.H. (Munich).—In the amended position of your last, please examine the effect of 1. Kt to Q 4th.

HERWARD (Oxford).—Thanks; the problem shall have early attention.

PLEVNA (Boulogne).—We have forwarded your letter to the author. What about No. 2107?

J.S.L. (Natal).—We shall examine the position amended as you suggest and let you know the result.

NEW FOREST.—See answer to Plevna.

M.G. (New York).—We do not think it difficult, but it shall, nevertheless, appear.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2097, 2098, and 2100 received from J.S. Logan (Blackburn, Natal); of Nos. 2099, 2100, and 2101 from O.H. Bate (Richmond, Cape of Good Hope); of No. 2104 from J.A.B.; of Nos. 2105, 2106, 2107, and 2108 from W.E. Manby (Leicester); of Nos. 2106, 2107, and 2108 from R. Worters (Canterbury); of No. 2107 from G.M. (H.M.S. Téméraire), and Emile Frau; of No. 2108 from Heinrich Skornik (Hamburg); Emile Frau, G.M. (H.M.S. Téméraire), Laura Greaves, and Jacinto Magalhães (Oporto).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2109 received from H.H. Noyes, R. Blackhall, R.J. Vines, James Pilkington, Jumbo, E.E.H. Ferris, L. Sharwood, Ernest Sharwood, N.S. Harris, Emmo (Darlington), George Joisey, H. Wardell, R.L. Southwell, Rev. W. Anderson (Old Romney), Laura Greaves, C.W. Milson, L.L. Greenaway, A.C. Hunt, O.S. Cox, T.H. Holden, G.R. Baxter (Dundee), J.T.W. W.G. Jackson, G.W. Law, H. Lucas, L. Wyman, Nerina, W.W. Hunter, G.R. Oldfield, G. Darragh, E. Casella (Paris), Shadforth, S. Bullen, G. Huskisson, An Old Hand, M.O. Halloran, New Forest, T. Sinclair, T.G. Ware, Joseph Ainsworth, W. Hillier, S. Lowndes, A. Wismore, L. Fulcon (Antwerp), Nerina, E. Elsbury, H.K. Awdry, W.J. Rudman, Thomas Waters, Otto Fuller (Ghent), D.W. Kell, Ben Nevis, C.S. Cox, W. Dewse, J. Hall, Kirby and The Ensign, Emile Frau, R.H. Brooks, R. Worters, Hereward, S. Farrant, and Jupiter Junior.

Note.—This problem cannot be solved by way of 1. Q to K R sq, Black having a good answer to that coup in 1. B to Kt 8th; and if White continues with 2. Q to B 6th, then 2. R to R 4th prevents the mate on the third move. The answer to 1. Q to K B 5th is 1. R to R 4th, &c.

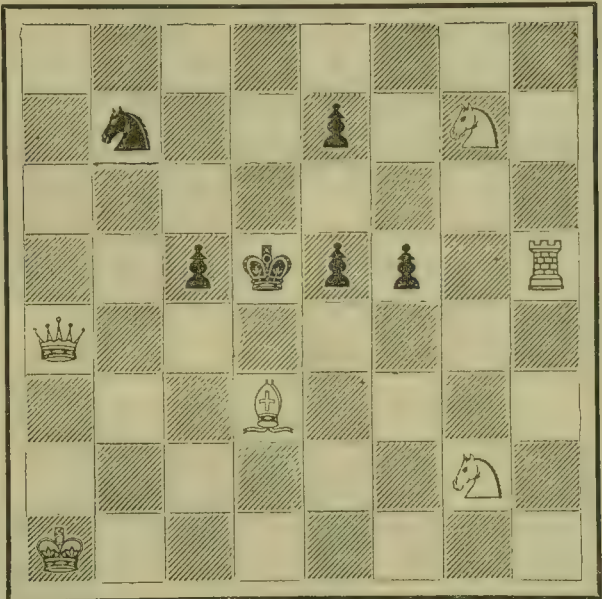
SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

No. 2108. WHITE. 1. K to B 6th. 2. Q to K 4th (ch). 3. P to Kt 4th. BLACK. K takes Kt. K to B 4th. Mate. * If Black play 1. K to Q B 4th, then 2. P to Q Kt 4th (ch); if 1. Kt on Q Kt 4th moves, then 2. Q to Q 4th (ch); if 1. B to Q B 5th, then 2. Q to K R sq (ch); if 1. B elsewhere, then 2. Kt on Q B 6th to K 7th (ch), mating in each case on the third move.

No. 2107. WHITE. 1. B to K 6th. 2. R to Kt 4th (ch). 3. R mates accordingly. * If Black play 1. Kt to K 6th, then 2. R takes P (ch); if 1. K takes P, then 2. R to Q 8th (ch), mating on the third move.

No. 2108. WHITE. 1. Kt to Q B 5th. 2. K to B 6th. 3. Kt mates. BLACK. K takes R. P moves.

PROBLEM No. 2111.
By H. W. SHERRARD (Canterbury).
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

Played at Bath in the First Class Tourney of the Counties Chess Association, between Messrs. SKIPWORTH and WAXTE.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. S.) 1. P to Q 4th. 2. Kt to K B 3rd. 3. P to K 3rd. 4. B to Q 3rd. 5. Castles. 6. P to B 4th. 7. P to Q Kt 3rd. 8. Kt to B 3rd. 9. R to K sq. 10. B P takes P. 11. B to R 3rd. 12. B takes B. 13. Kt to Q Kt 5th. 14. Q Kt takes P. 15. Kt takes Kt. 16. Q to K 2nd. 17. Q R to B sq. 18. B to R 6th. BLACK (Mr. W.) 1. P to Q 4th. 2. P to K 3rd. 3. Kt to K B 3rd. 4. B to Q 3rd. 5. Castles. 6. P to Q Kt 3rd. 7. B to Kt 2nd. 8. P to B 4th. 9. Kt to B 3rd. 10. K P takes P. 11. P takes P. 12. Q takes B. 13. Q to K sq. 14. Kt takes Kt. 15. P to Kt 3rd. 16. R to B sq. 17. Q to K 2nd. 18. Kt to Q sq. WHITE (Mr. S.) 26. R takes R. 27. Q to K 5th. 28. R to B 7th. 29. R to B 8th. 30. R to B 7th. 31. P to K B 4th. 32. R to B 5th. 33. P to K R 3rd. 34. Q to K 7th. 35. R takes Q P. 36. Q to K 6th. 37. K to R 2nd. 38. Q to K 7th. 39. P to B 5th. BLACK (Mr. W.) 1. P to Q Kt 4th. 2. Q to Q 2nd. 3. Q to Q 3rd. 4. Q to Q 2nd. 5. Q to Q 3rd. 6. Q to Kt 3rd. 7. Q takes P. 8. R to K B sq. 9. Q takes Kt P. 10. P to Kt 5th. 11. P to Q 6th. 12. Q to K 7th. 13. P to B 5th. The only move. White threatens both P to B 6th and R to Q 8th. Now if 40. P to B 6th, Black's answer is 40. Q to K B 5th (ch), and 41. Q to Q Kt sq; and if 40. R to Q 8th, then follows 40. Q to B 5th (ch), and 41. R takes R, prepared to take the Pawn with Q, when it checks at K B 6th. 40. Q to Q 6th. 41. P to B 6th. 42. R to K 6th. 43. R takes Q. 44. Q to B 5th. 45. P to Q 6th. and White resigned.

Mr. J. O. Howard Taylor, whose delicate health for some years past has, we regret to say, deprived the chess world of many brief and brilliant games, sends us a curious skirmish which occurred to him recently. Mr. Taylor observes: "I do not remember any similar finish, but there is nothing new under the sun; and I have a strong impression that I must have been forestalled in this." The following is the gamelet referred to:—

(Kt Defence in the K B Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. T.) 1. P to K 4th. 2. B to B 4th. 3. Kt to K B 3rd. 4. Kt to Q B 3rd. BLACK (Amateur). 1. P to K 4th. 2. Kt to K B 3rd. 3. Kt takes P. 4. Kt takes Kt.

The subscriptions to the fund for a testimonial to Mr. Blackburne come in more slowly than is desirable. In the last few weeks, however, Leeds has contributed £10, Calcutta £20, and a donation of £5 has been received from Mr. Burns, the well-known Melbourne amateur. Mr. Blackburne's physician prescribes a sea voyage to warmer climes to avoid the coming winter in England, and the great chessplayer will therefore probably leave for Melbourne in the course of next month. We hope to see him depart with a full purse as well as the hearty good wishes of English chess-players. Subscriptions may be forwarded to Mr. L. Hoffer, 15, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

The Duke of Sutherland yesterday week reviewed, at Dunrobin, the Sutherlandshire Rifle and Artillery Volunteers.

Earl Sydney opened a bazaar at Deal yesterday week for the benefit of an institution for the Deal and Walmer boatmen. Earl Granville took part in the proceedings; and Countess Granville, Countess Sydney, Lady Churchill, Lady James, and the Mayoress of Deal, were stall-holders.

A Fisheries Exhibition for West Cornwall was opened yesterday week at Penzance, one of its objects being to aid the Newlyn Harbour scheme. At a meeting held in connection with it, the necessity of further harbour accommodation generally was urged, and it was pointed out that the supply of fish as food was greatly curtailed by the heavy charges of the railway companies for carriage.

OBITUARY.

LORD AMPHILL.

The Right Hon. Odo William Leopold, Baron Ampthill, of Ampthill, county Bedford, P.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., Ambassador at the Court of Germany, died on the 25th ult. His Lordship was born Feb. 20, 1829, the third son of Major-General Lord George William Russell, and was consequently grandson of John, sixth Duke of Bedford, K.G. He entered the Diplomacy in 1849 as Attaché at Vienna, and subsequently acted in a similar capacity at Paris, Constantinople, Washington, Florence, Naples, and Rome till 1870, when he was appointed Assistant Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and was employed on a special mission to Prince Bismarck, at the head-quarters of the German army at Versailles, from November of the latter year till the March following. In 1871 he was accredited Ambassador to the Court of Germany, sworn of the Privy Council in 1872, created G.C.B. (civil) in 1874, and G.C.M.G. in 1879. He was third Plenipotentiary on the part of Great Britain at the Congress of Berlin in 1878, and was elevated to the Peerage as Baron Ampthill, of Ampthill, county Bedford, March 11, 1881. His Lordship married Lady Emily Theresa Villiers, third daughter of George, fourth Earl of Clarendon, K.G., and leaves four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Arthur Oliver Villiers, born Feb. 19, 1869, is now second Lord Ampthill. The Portrait of the deceased Lord is given on another page.

DOWAGER LADY BUXTON.

Elizabeth, Dowager Lady Buxton, died on the 28th ult., at Shadwell Court, Norfolk, in her eighty-first year. Her Ladyship was eldest daughter of Sir Montague Cholmeley, Bart., of Easton, Lincolnshire, M.P., by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter and heiress of Mr. John Harrison, of Norton Place; was married, in 1824, to Sir John Jacob Buxton, second Baronet, of Shadwell Court, M.P., and had one son, the present Sir Robert Jacob Buxton, third Baronet, and two daughters, the late Mrs. Spencer Stanhope, of Cannon Hall, Yorkshire, and Isabella Anne, wife of General Bulwer.

MR. MARMION FERRERS.

Mr. Marmion Edward Ferrers, of Baddesley Clinton, in the county of Warwick, J.P. and D.L., senior coheir of the barony of Ferrers, of Chartley, died on the 23rd ult. He was born Oct. 13, 1812, the eldest son of Mr. Edward Ferrers, of Baddesley Clinton, by Lady Harriet Anne, his wife, daughter and coheir of George, second Marquis Townshend, sixteenth Lord Ferrers, of Chartley, and represented, in the male line, one of the oldest and most distinguished families in England. If forfeiture had not intervened, he might, as heir male, have established a right to an earldom of Derby, of a creation antecedent to the earldom of the Staunleys. Mr. Marmion Ferrers married, in 1867, Rebecca Dulcibella, only daughter of the late Mr. Abraham Edward Orpen, but, as he leaves no issue, his brother inherits the representation of the historic family of Ferrers.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. William Rayner Wood, of Singleton Lodge, Lancashire, J.P. and D.L., on the 20th ult., in his seventy-third year.

The Rev. Thomas Trafford Shipman, M.A., Rector of Lydiard Tregoz, Wilts, and Hon. Canon of Carlisle, on the 27th ult., aged fifty-three.

The Rev. Henry Charles Knightley, forty-five years Vicar of Combroke and Compton Verney, Chaplain to Lord Wiloughby de Broke, on the 14th ult., aged seventy. He was second son of the Rev. Henry Knightley, brother of Sir Charles Knightley, second Baronet, of Fawsley.

Mr. George Ross, of Pitcalnie, in the county of Ross, J.P. and D.L., recently. His father, James Ross, succeeded to Pitcalnie and the Chieftainship of the clan Ross in 1809, at the death of his kinsman, Mungo Ross, who claimed the earldom of Ross in 1778.

Major-General Julius George Medley, R.E., late Consulting Engineer to the Government of India for Guaranteed Railways, Lahore, on the 12th ult., at Port Said, in his fifty-sixth year. He served in the Indian Mutiny, at the Siege of Delhi, and was severely wounded while leading the storming party at the assault of the Cashmere Gate. He was also at the capture of Lucknow.

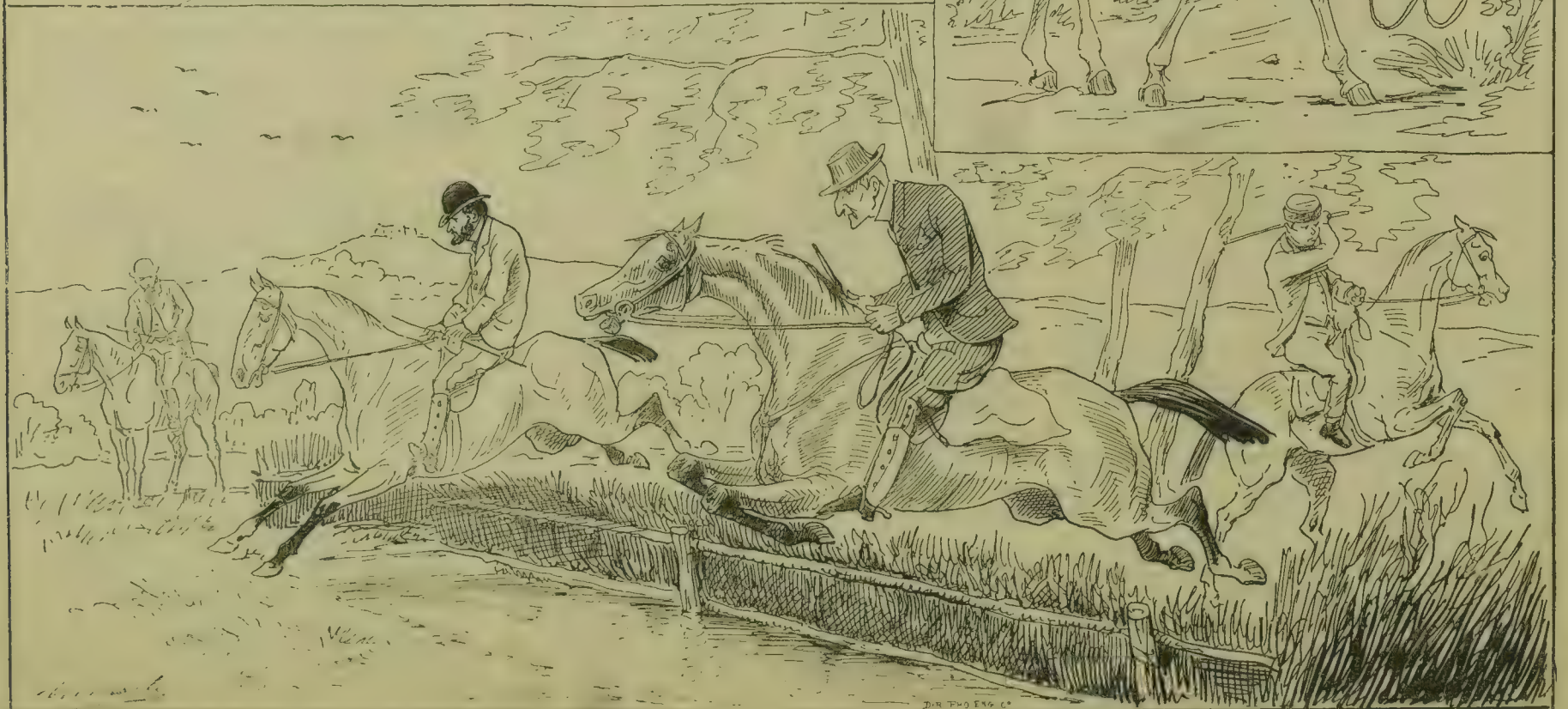
Emily Eleonora Wilhelmina Leslie, of Ballibay, in the county of Monaghan, only child and heiress of Colonel Charles Albert Leslie, of Ballibay, on the 26th ult., in her eighty-first year. She was twice married, first to Mr. Arthur French, and second to the Rev. John Charles W. Leslie. Her eldest son by her first husband, Robert Charles, J.P. and D.L., served as High Sheriff in the county of Monaghan in 1857.

After a long inquiry, the Board of Trade Court at Westminster has decided that the recent disastrous collision between the steamers Camden and Dione, off Gravesend, was due to the reckless navigation of the captain of the latter, whose certificate was suspended for six months. He was, however, granted a mate's certificate.

Last week the members of the Somerset Archaeological Society had their annual gathering near Shepton Mallet, Lord Carlingford, as president-elect, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Mr. E. A. Freeman taking part in the proceedings. Yesterday week Lord Carlingford entertained the members at luncheon at Radstock on the close of the three days' meeting.

The centenary of the introduction of Wesleyan Methodism into the Channel Isles was celebrated yesterday week in Jersey, that being the first among the islands in which Methodism was preached. The Sunday school scholars, numbering about 2000, marched in procession through St. Helier's, and, after being addressed in the English and French chapels, were entertained at tea by Mr. Edward Holden, of Bradford, Yorkshire, who received his early education in Jersey.

The Earl of Derby received on Thursday week a deputation who represented the serious depression of the sugar industry in the West Indies, and suggested various measures for the relief of those Colonies. In replying to the three principal suggestions, Lord Derby said Lord Granville was of opinion that the Continental Powers would not be likely to acquiesce in the proposal of an International Conference to consider the question of the sugar bounties. The United States had informed her Majesty's Government that they considered we had no claim under Treaty for the most favoured nation treatment to be extended to our Colonies. As to a special reciprocity between the West Indies and the United States, he was quite willing to enter into the question, with the assistance of other departments.



1. The Pré Catelin.

2. Doing Banting.

3. Toilette al fresco.

4. Steeplechase Practice.



CROSSING THE CHANNEL.—II.

O si sic omnes! Some of these passengers are very much so; others—we are sorry for them—are much more so; but they are not all in the same sad plight. Well did Horace say, that the man who first had the folly to put himself on board a fragile vessel in a rough sea needed a stomach of stout oak, fortified with triple plates of brass, to endure the outward and inward commotion. The horrors of the "middle passage," still perforce endured by many Britons who were perhaps born to "rule the waves," and who "never, never will be slaves," are more easily imagined than decently described. Passengers may, in this respect, be divided into three classes of capability.

There is the person who "doesn't know what it is to be ill"; the person who "knows he will be ill"; and the person who "doesn't mean to be ill." These different characters are truthfully sketched by our candid Artist; making the first example of a robust and vigorous man in the prime of life, who stands at the bulwark, in a sufficient cape and cap of knowing fashion, bravely smoking his perpetual short pipe; the second, a cadaverous gentleman, mournfully awaiting his doom on the bench of the saloon cabin; and the third, bless her heart! a very pretty girl, resolved to enjoy the sea breeze and not unconscious of the admiration due to her neat figure, set off by a

dress of faultless fit. There is a fourth occasional variety of confident sea-voyager, exemplified by the elderly lady of scientific tastes, who has got "an infallible specific" in a small phial, and is taking the dose with an air of stern determination. We wish them all a comfortable transit to the French coast, while we sympathise sincerely with the suffering married pair, bound to each other "for better and for worse," whose community of a cruel experience is perhaps consoled by their faithful sharing of the undeniable woes of the passing hour. It is not agreeable to contemplate the scene at the saloon dinner-table, at what ought to be "the festive

meal;" and scarcely more pleasant is the nocturnal confinement, presumed to be for repose, of the male occupants of uneasy berths, all weary and some poorly, disturbed by a pertinacious snorer. But the brief ordeal of unaccustomed navigators will come to an end in much less time than it seems to those in pain. "Then are they glad, because they be quiet," and presently disembark in "the desired haven." It remains only to "do their duty" at the French Douane, where they must offer the keys of their trunks and Gladstone bags, and declare, in stammering accents, that they have "rien à déclarer." The Channel is crossed; the Continent is won; and the sturdy Britons, "lords of human kind," may for a week or month parade before foreign nations that "pride in their port, defiance in their eye," which commands the respect of the world.

PARIS ON HORSEBACK.—No. II.

ILLUSTRATED BY "NIDRACH."

We are still in the Bois de Boulogne, and still (by your leave, and with a little exercise of the imagination) in the pleasant month of May. The acacias have not yet lost the young green tint of spring; the morning air is still cool and fragrant; and it is not too hot, even at eleven a.m., for a canter, a gallop, or a leap. The resources of the Bois are inexhaustible. For those who love shade, solitude, and a momentary forgetfulness of city sights and sounds, there are green tunnels of side alleys in which one may drop the reins, let Rosinante take his own pace, and ramble on for half an hour together without meeting any fellow-promenader, save a rabbit or a squirrel. For those who love leaping, there are ha-has, barriers, low quickset hedges, and streamlets of running water, by aid whereof the mimic steeplechase may be ridden without much peril to life or limb; while for the refreshment of the inner man or the entertainment of the worldly-minded, there are the restaurants, the cafés, the "billards," and "pyramides" of the Pré Catelan.

The Pré Catelan is no more a "meadow" than St. John's Wood is a forest. It is simply what in France is called a *round point*; that is to say, an open space in a wooded tract or park, where four roads meet. In the centre of this open space stands a dumpy obelisk on a disproportionately lofty pedestal; while, round about, stand various structures more or less picturesque, in front of which may be seen the usual Parisian idlers seated at the customary little marble-topped tables, taking coffee and absinthe, playing at dominoes, smoking, and reading the papers. The entirely fashionable and proper proceeding on reaching the Pré Catelan is, however, to drink a cup of milk at the pseudo-Swiss Chalet depicted in our Illustration. The mounted revellers in the foreground, two of whom are about to "trinquer," are a well-known American quatuor, who might have been seen doing the same thing at the same hour, every morning last season. The milk is good milk enough, for such as like it, and are idyllically disposed; and the big white cups of heavy stone-ware hold each a full half-pint.

The obelisk has a history. It is *not* ancient Egyptian: it is not even a Roman imitation of an ancient Egyptian original, though classical forgeries of the kind are not unknown. But it is respectably aged, and it replaces a still older, and still more respectable, monument, to which there attaches an historical legend apparently of some antiquity:—A certain Sieur Catelan, who was a native of Provence and reputed to be one of the most celebrated Troubadours of his day, lived, it is said, at the Court of Beatrice of Savoy, wife of Raymond Bérenger, last Count of Provence of that name, and vassal of Philippe-le-Bel, King of France. These names date the legend, and place Catelan the Troubadour at about the close of the thirteenth century, or the beginning of the fourteenth. Great as was the renown of Provençal verse, numerous as were the poets of that favoured province, Catelan so eclipsed his compeers that the fame of his sweet singing travelled far and wide, and reached the ear of the King. Hereupon, Philippe coveted his vassal's nightingale; and, in the right royal fashion of his time, requested the Countess Beatrice to send her poet to Paris. The request was, of course, a command. Catelan at once started for the North, carrying with him certain gifts from his mistress to her Sovereign. By the time, however, that he arrived in Paris, the King had left for his Château of Poissy, leaving word that Catelan should follow him with all expedition; and because the Bois de Boulogne (then called the Forest of Rouvray) was infested with robbers and vagabonds of every description, his Majesty especially directed that the stranger should be escorted by a detachment of the Royal body-guard. Unhappily for the luckless poet, the very measures taken to ensure his safety proved the means of his destruction. Chatting familiarly with the leader of his escort, he imprudently displayed the casket with which he had been intrusted, and boasted of the costly gifts sent by his mistress to the King. His folly was his death-warrant. Having come to a lonely part of the wood, his protectors fell upon him and upon his servant, butchered the hapless pair, and buried them on the spot where the obelisk now stands. Great was the disappointment of the assassins when they forced open the casket and found in it only a few small bottles of the famous perfumes of Provence. They, however, shared the spoil, such as it was; and then went on to Poissy, where they protested that they

had seen nothing of the Provençal traveller, and that they feared he must have set out without waiting for their escort, and so have been waylaid on the road. Then the King, in great tribulation of mind, sent forth scouts to search the forest and the country round. The trodden grass and freshly-turned sods at once betrayed the spot; and Philippe, when he had given the bodies Christian burial, erected a cross over the place where they had been found. This cross, according to the legend, was yet standing till replaced, in the course of the eighteenth century, by the present monument. The criminals, meanwhile, betrayed themselves. The captain of the guard—being, like many a "curled darling" of that age, half fop, half bravo—presented himself one day in the Royal Audience Chamber so redolent of the precious "rose-essence" of Provence, that the King's suspicions were awakened. A messenger was dispatched to his lodging; the casket and the perfumes were found; and the assassins and their leader were burned alive.

Such is the legend; and such the foundation upon which a French lady novelist, whose name I am ashamed not to remember, has written a pretty little mediæval romance, entitled "Arnaud Catelan." More severe historians aver, however, that the present obelisk is wholly innocent of foregone associations, and that it was simply erected as a "*rendezvous de chasse*" by a certain Sieur Catelan, who held the office of Capitaine des Chasses under Louis XV. The armorial bearings sculptured on the pedestal, and now illegible, are believed to be those of the said Sieur Catelan, from whom is probably descended a noble Breton family of that name who carry three Boars Sable on a Field, Argent.

Turning from history and heraldry to the substantial realities of to-day, the stout riders in Nidrach's second sketch are depicted in the act of endeavouring to melt their "too, too solid flesh" by a severe course of Banting in the saddle. They are gallant privates in the "Liver Brigade" of Paris. The adjoining subject introduces us to a well-known old beau and ci-devant lady-killer, who at seventy-five is still ambitious of conquest. Strolling very quietly along the more sequestered alleys of the Bois, you may surprise him any morning at his *al-fresco toilette*. He carries a small looking-glass in the crown of his hat, and a hair-brush and powder-puff in his pocket; and only the rabbits know what use he makes of them. The hard riders at the foot of our page are M. de la M.—and M. de R.—, two inveterate sportsmen who put their hunters at everything leापable, and whose breakneck feats are one of the daily sights of the Bois. On the hill in the distance is seen Fort Mont Valerian, very slightly indicated; and I hope I do not commit a serious indiscretion if I hint that Nidrach—himself a daring sportsman—may possibly be present as a spectator. A. B. E.

POETRY.

The Muse of the Far West was assuredly present at the composition of *Idyls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley*: by John James Piatt (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), and let an appreciable portion of her tuneful and descriptive spirit rest upon the faithful servant who besought her aid. There is a sound, as well as a sense, of true poetry in the various pieces; and there is a suggestion of poetry about the two or three illustrations which accompany the words. The writer seems to be instinct with the life of the great valley of which he sings, and the voice in which he utters his thoughts is a sort of second to the voice of Nature. But the writer's themes are not borrowed from natural scenery and the life of the farm alone; the political struggles of his great country, the war between North and South, and the votes recorded for Lincoln, have supplied him with material out of which he has woven some very touching and melodious fancy-work. The writer is, taken altogether, as unlike Crabbe, as unlike Gray, as unlike Wordsworth, as one poet can be unlike another, for he is quite original with a distinct individuality, but there are in his writings touches that call to mind Crabbe, Gray, and Wordsworth. This means no more, of course, than that he is rustic, idyllic, pathetic, domestic; that he plays, for the most part, on the oaten reed, and that, though self-taught and unimitative, he plays sometimes like the masters of that simple instrument.

Such very hard things are said of critics and the exercise of criticism in *Echoes of Life*: by Mrs. Frank Snoad (Chapman and Hall), that one is almost afraid to say anything about the writer's poems, to offer so much as a humble tribute of congratulation and to express so much as a feeling of respectful surprise that so creditable a result should have been attained under such adverse circumstances. And yet, after all, a condition of ill-health is not by any means incompatible with the production of the most charming verses; experience would lead one to predicate quite the contrary. There are many of the compositions which will be read, especially by ladies, with great enjoyment and admiration; the writer writes in all moods, grave and gay, didactic, contemplative, and other; and by one little effusion, entitled "Quaker Cousins," shows an ability to compete successfully with some of the best among the writers of what are called society-verses. "My Diary," though it rises in literary style not much higher than the standard which the title would lead a reader to expect of a diary in rhyme, is noble in conception, pure and sweet in tone, and very affecting in its conclusion; containing a story of love and self-sacrifice and of perfect

understanding between three mutually appreciative souls, which it is very wholesome and refreshing to read. The verse occasionally appears to halt, from a redundancy or deficiency of syllables; but, if it be more than mere appearance, an appearance due to the reader's inability to master the metre, the cause, no doubt, is to be sought for in that regrettable ill-health which rendered careful revision almost impossible.

There is fantastic mirth and not a little clever versifying in *Under a Fool's Cap*: Songs by Daniel Henry, Junior (Kegan Paul). These songs are founded on our well-known nursery rhymes, and may be regarded as poetical versions of them. Sometimes, as in "My Lady's Garden," the verse is charmingly rhythmical. We have not space to do it justice, but two or three stanzas shall be quoted. The reader must be told that "the pretty girls all in a row" are mistaken in the daytime for Margarets, but at night they rouse from their summer drowse and, decking themselves in their bells and cockleshells,

They spread their faint green wings abroad,
Their wings and clinging robes abroad,
And upward through the pathless blue
They soar, like incense smoke, to God.

Who gives them crystal dreams to hold,
And snow-white hopes and thoughts to hold,
And laughter spun of beams of the sun,
And tears that shine like molten gold.

When their hands can hold no more they take their flight to where the lady lies asleep, and shower the gifts upon her.

And this is why my Lady grows,
My own sweet Lady daily grows,
In sorcery such, that at her touch
Sweet laughter blossoms and songs unclose.

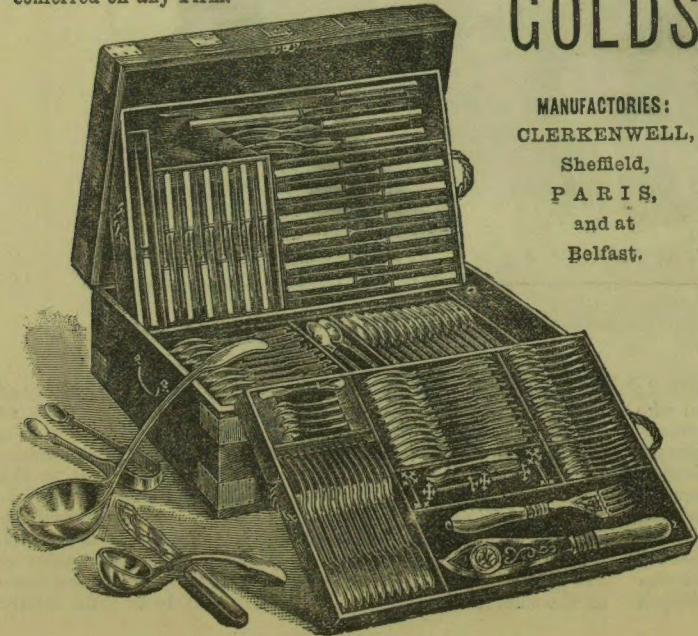
Mr. Henry has a touch of pathos sometimes, as in the admirably rendered versions of "Bobbie Shafto," "Banbury Cross," and "Curly-locks"; but, whether pathetic or mirthful, there is a true ring in these songs which will surprise and please the reader. A happy thought has been carried out in "Under a Fool's Cap" with singular success. If this is Mr. Henry's first excursion into the "realms of gold," we venture to prophesy, or at any rate to hope, that it will not be the last.

If poets were "made" and not "born," then, indeed, it might be said that *The Isles of the Blest and Other Poems*: by Andrew Goldie Wood (Macmillan and Co.), would pass muster as true poetry. Excellent, however, as the verses are, poetical as are the forms of expression, thoughtful as are the utterances in some of the pieces and harmonious in all, the inspiration seems to be drawn rather from the groves of Academe than from the springs of Helicon, from culture rather than from nature. Still, the verse that the man of culture writes is nearly always readable, as it certainly is in the present instance, with the addition of more than a common share of elegance, delicacy, observation, apprehension, sentiment, and even fancy. But the very titles of the poems—many of them—will testify to the truth of what has been said about the source from which the writer sought to be inspired; his themes are very frequently classical, suggested by the Greek mythology or tradition, and in them he is at his best, which is often very good indeed. He does not eschew what may be called native or universal subjects, and he handles them with much grace and feeling; his peculiar powers, however, are exhibited to better purpose in the other pieces. The writer, as his friend and editor informs us, "is now beyond the reach of human praise or blame," cut off before he could fulfil the promise of his brilliant career at Oxford; had it been otherwise, there is little doubt that he would have had no reason to regret the publication of his volume.

"How well Horatius," assisted by two comrades, "kept the bridge in the brave days of old," know all men; but whoever has the pleasure of reading *The Lady of Ranza and Other Poems*: by George Eyre (Alex. Gardner, Paisley), will acknowledge that the feat of "the dauntless three" was child's play compared with what was done by two brothers "on Ranza's shore," when single-handed, or, rather, double-handed, they fight "a hundred foemen" in the open, without the advantage of position which the Roman heroes are understood to have had. The two brothers are, unfortunately, rivals, but friendly and affectionate rivals, for the love of a certain Lerna. The story of the two brothers, of their gallant fight against hopeless odds, and the death of one of them, is told with great spirit in excellent blank verse; and this is the longest piece in the volume. Of the "other poems," some are very charming specimens of musical versification and easy rhymes, though the author sometimes takes the little liberty of rhyming or not, as he pleases, notwithstanding his evident intention, to be inferred from the great preponderance of rhymes. Unless, indeed, he should be under a curious hallucination, taking "darkness" to be a proper rhyme for "madness"; but this not to be thought of. One very original simile he employs at the eightieth page; he sings of "vows light as grasshoppers," a comparison which is not so remarkable for felicity and aptness as for originality and grotesqueness: "vows light as worn half-sovereigns" has almost as appropriate and poetical a sound.

The amount realised at the two days' sale of Lord Wilton's herd of Herefords, which concluded yesterday week, was over £23,000 for 183 animals. The bull Lord Wilton was sold to Mr. Vaughan, U.S.A., for 3800 guineas.

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1 Mustard Spoon	0 7 6		0 1 10
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MAPLE and CO. Manufacturers.

MAPLE and CO. Dining-Room Furniture.

MAPLE and CO. Drawing-Room Furniture.

MAPLE and CO., Timber Merchants and direct Importers of the finest Woods to be found in Africa, Asia, and America, and Manufacturers of Cabinet Furniture in various woods by steam power.

MAPLE and CO. Bass Wood Furniture.

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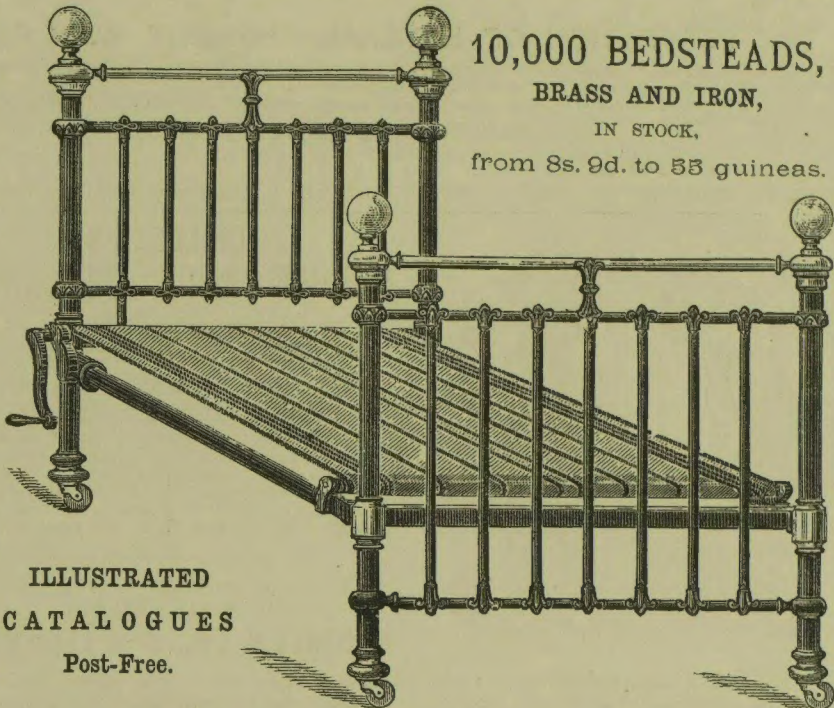
MAPLE and CO. Circassian Ash Furniture.

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10,000 BEDSTEADS,
BRASS AND IRON,
 IN STOCK,
 from 8s. 9d. to 33 guineas.

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The above BLACK and BRASS BEDSTEAD, with the PATENT WIRE WOVE MATTRESS, complete:—

3 ft., 50s.; 3 ft. 6 in., 55s.; 4 ft., 63s.; 4 ft. 6 in., 67s. 6d.

Price for the Patent Wire Wove Mattress, without Bedstead:—
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"PATENT WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS."

THE WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS is a strong and wonderful fabric of fine wire, so interlocked and woven by a Patented process of diagonal DOUBLE WEAVING that an ELASTIC and PERFECT sleeping arrangement is secured. The hard spring wire used is carefully tinned, effectually preventing corrosion, and presents a very attractive and silver-like appearance.

This Mattress is, in fact, a complete appliance for all purposes of REST and SLEEP, combining all the advantages of a PERFECT SPRING BED, and CAN BE MADE SOFT OR HARD AT PLEASURE BY USING THE HANDLE AT SIDE OF BEDSTEAD; IT CAN BE TAKEN TO PIECES IN A FEW MOMENTS, AND PACKED IN A VERY SMALL COMPASS.

They are also greatly used in yachts and ships, because of their cleanliness.

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BED-ROOM SUITE in Solid Walnut, consists of 4 ft. wardrobe, 3 ft. 6 in. chest of drawers, marble-top washstand, toilet table with glass, pedestal cupboard, towel-horse, and three chairs. This suite is manufactured by Maple and Co.'s new machinery, lately erected. Complete suite, £10 15s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash, plate-glass door to wardrobe, washstand with Minton's tiles, toilet table with glass fixed, pedestal cupboard, towel-horse, and three chairs, complete, £10 15s.

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BED-ROOM SUITES.—CHIPPENDALE, Adams, Louis XVI., and Sheraton designs; large wardrobes, very handsome, in rosewood, richly inlaid; also satin-wood, inlaid with different woods, 85 to 200 guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES.—500 to select from. From 5½ to 200 guineas.

MAPLE and CO.—BEDSTEADS (IRON).

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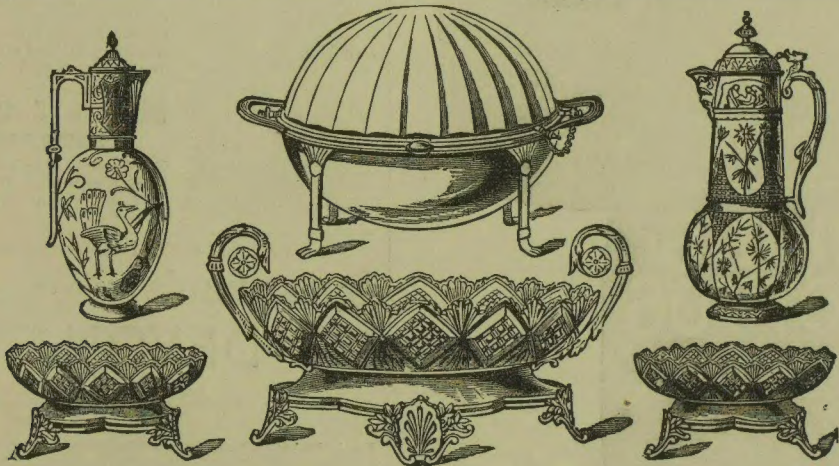
MAPLE and CO. have a SPECIAL DEPARTMENT for IRON and BRASS Four-post BEDSTEADS, Cots, and Beds, specially adapted for mosquito curtains, used in India, Australia, and the Colonies. Price, for full-sized Bedsteads, varying from 25s. Shippers and colonial visitors are invited to inspect this varied stock, the largest in England, before deciding elsewhere. 10,000 Bedsteads to select from. MAPLE and CO., London.

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 Beware of miserable
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FOR LADIES' DRESSES.

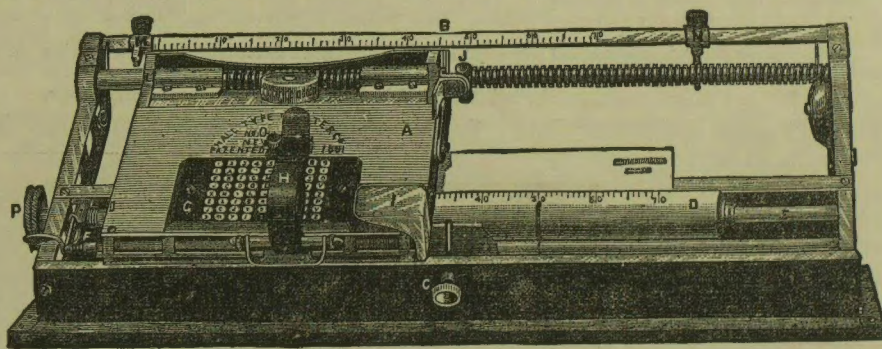
TO BE HAD IN MANCHESTER. LEWIS'S, in MARKET-STREET, MANCHESTER, are the manufacturers of fine, first-class Velveteens, which are now known all over the world. They are fast pile and fast dyed, and every inch is guaranteed. If a dress should wear badly or be in any respect faulty, LEWIS'S will give a new dress for nothing at all, and pay the full cost for making and trimming. The price of these beautiful Velveteens, in Black and all the most beautiful Colours now worn, is 2s. a yard. This quality Velveteen is sold by the best drapers at 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. a yard. The public, although they don't know it, have to pay two or three profits, the difference between the manufacturer's price and the price the consumer pays for Velveteens. LEWIS'S, of Market-street, Manchester, manufacture these Velveteens themselves, and sell them (or it might almost be said give them) to the public for 2s. a yard. LEWIS'S ask Ladies to write for Patterns of these extraordinary Velveteens. They will then be able to judge for themselves whether LEWIS'S, of Market-street, Manchester, praise their Velveteens more than they deserve. Write for patterns on an ordinary post-card. LEWIS'S pay carriage on all orders to any address in Great Britain or Ireland.

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THE ONLY PORTABLE AND COMPLETE MACHINE EXTANT. UNIQUE IN ITS SIMPLICITY.



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The "Times" referred to this Machine on March 11, 1884, as follows:—"Messrs. WITHERBY may claim the credit of having introduced from America a NEW TYPE-WRITER, which is both cheap and portable. . . . The principle of this beautiful little Machine. . . . It may be used in any position, on a desk or in a railway-carriage. . . . A practised hand can achieve from thirty to forty words a minute, which is a good deal faster than most people can write. . . . The plate is fitted with capitals and small letters, stops, numerals, &c.

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ASTHMA, COUGH, BRONCHITIS.

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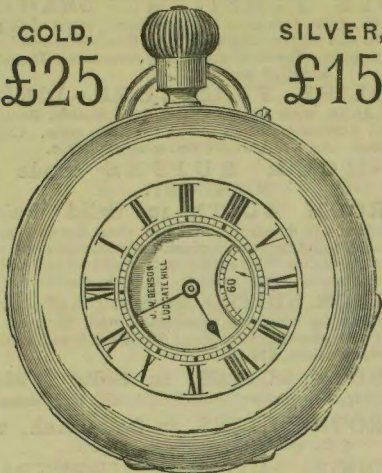
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GOLD, £25 SILVER, £15



GOLD ENGLISH KEYLESS HALF-CHRONOMETER,

CONSTRUCTED WITH PATENT BREGUET SPRING, WHICH ENTIRELY COUNTERACTS THE SUDDEN VARIATION CAUSED IN ORDINARY LEVER WATCHES BY HUNTING, &c. JEWELLED AND ALL LATEST IMPROVEMENTS. GUARANTEED ENTIRELY OF MY BEST ENGLISH MAKE, TO KEEP PERFECT TIME UNDER THE MOST TRYING CIRCUMSTANCES, AND TO LAST A LIFETIME. EXACT SIZE OF SKETCH. HALF-HUNTER. HUNTER OR CRYSTAL GLASS. SENT FREE AND SAFE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD FOR £25 DRAFT WITH ORDER. SILVER, SAME QUALITY, £15. PAMPHLETS FREE, GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF THIS WATCH AND ALL OTHERS MADE AT

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"Refuse Imitations—Insist upon Hudson's."

Wash Your Clothes with Hudson's Extract of Soap.

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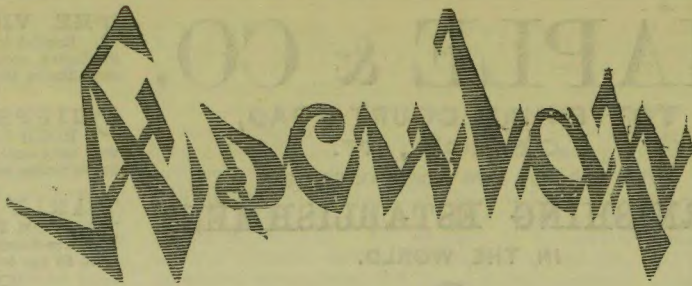
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to see that they are supplied with the ARGOSY proper, and none of the many imitations. The Argosy is the only Brace with two Independent Cord Attachments going from back to front, beside having other special features not contained in the imitations. Of all Hosiery and Outfitters, everywhere. Central Depot, Wholesale only, 6 and 7, Newgate-street, London.



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For Bilious attacks and Headaches. Acts directly on the Liver, regulates the Bowels, and stimulates the Kidneys. A cure for Indigestion, Constipation, and all Stomach derangements. "Acts as an intestinal tonic, and its habitual use does not lower the system." If taken every morning, will keep the body in perfect health. Supersedes all others, and is recommended by the leading Medical Men without exception. Every bottle direct from the celebrated Spring in Hungary. Sold everywhere, at 1s. 6d. and 2s. per Bottle.

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Write for Price-List and Illustrated Catalogue, post-free.

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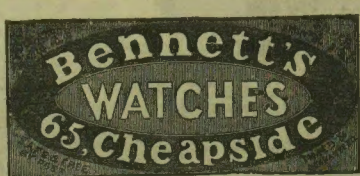


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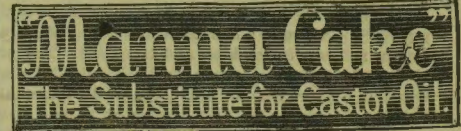
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LONDON: Printed and Published at the Office, 198, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, by **INGRAM BROTHERS, 198, Strand, aforesaid.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1884.**